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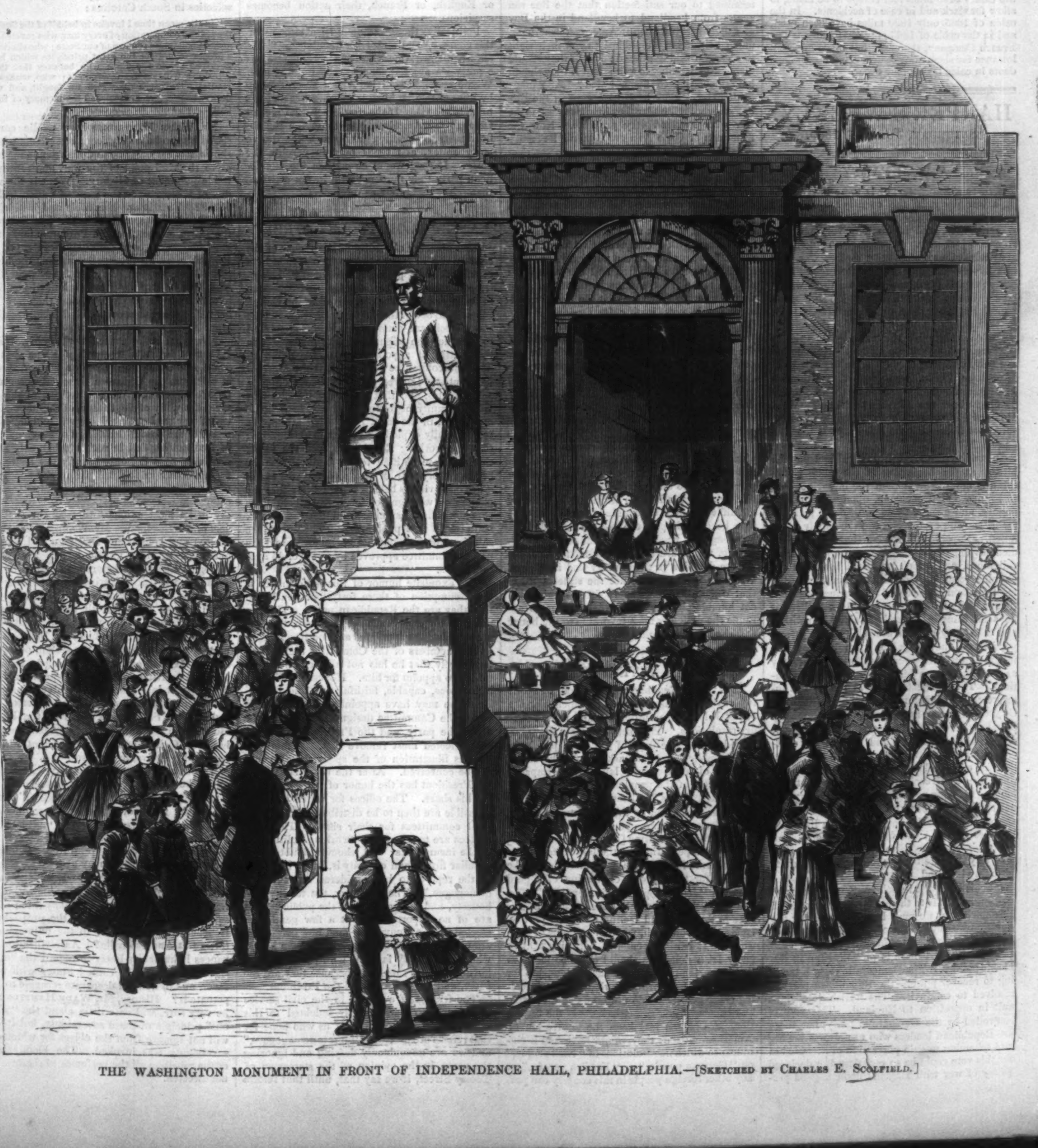
WASHINGTON MONUMENT, PHILADELPHIA.

The subjoined cut represents the Washington Monument recently erected in front of Independence Hall, Philadelphia. This statue of Washington was secured through the liberality of the public school children of that city, and the ceremonies incident to the presentation took place July 5. Upon the unveiling of the statue a salute was fired from Independence Square. The principal features of the ceremony were, a prayer by Bishop Simpson, an address by Hon. Henry D. Moore, and another by George F. Gordon, presenting the statue to the city. Mayor Fox also delivered an address. A large number of the school-children were present.

THE FRENCH-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH CABLE.

Before this reaches the eyes of our readers the French-American Atlantic Telegraph Cable will probably have been laid from Brest to the Island of St. Pierre. This line starts at a point near Cape Ushant and a few miles from Brest. It starts in very shallow water—not more than six, eight, or ten fathoms deep for the first two or three miles, when it slowly deepens from thirty to sixty and ninety fathoms, a depth which is maintained over the whole bed of the English Channel. At this level it continues till in a line with the westernmost part of the Irish coast, where the water quickly deepens from 200 to 800 fathoms. The line, after leaving Brest, takes rather a northerly course, so as to pass just north and within a short distance of three tremendous grim-looking rocks, round which the Atlantic heaves and boils incessantly. These black pinnacles are called the Three Chimneys, and, as far as is known, the foot of man has never yet been on them, only the stormy petrels and the wilder kind of gulls nestling in their coves and niches. They stand in about lat. 47° N., long. 30° W., and the water round them shoals to about 1800 fathoms. A little south of these rocks it shoals to 1100 fathoms, and about a degree south to less than 500. The cable course, however, is kept in a pretty regular depth of from 1800 to 2000 fathoms, and throughout over a soft bed of shells and ooze. The shells



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT IN FRONT OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.—[Sketched by Charles E. Scolfield.]

comprise the most minute forms of the diatomaceæ, which are only visible under a powerful microscope, and are as small as the finest dust. The whole bed of the Atlantic seems more or less composed of the débris of these small animalculæ. After passing the Three Chimneys the line will be laid across mid-ocean to near the solitary Job Rock, which rises from deep water in lat. 45° 50′ N., long. 35° 50′ W. It passes a long way north of the Milne Bank, where the bottom of the Atlantic is very irregular, and gently curves up to the southern end of Newfoundland, not far west of Cape Race. Here it skirts the south shore of the island for a short length, lying in as little as 100 fathoms water. It soon, however, deepens to 1500 fathoms as it turns due north between the shoals called the Green Bank and the St. Pierre Bank. Passing between these it is landed on the French island of St. Pierre, not far from Placentia Bay, Newfoundland. From St. Pierre, where there is to be a station similar to that at Heart's Content, the line will be continued south in moderately shallow water, of from 200 to 300 fathoms, past Cape Breton, the coast of Nova Scotia, Cape Sable, and south of the Brown Bank to Cape Cod, and from a little beyond that to the neighborhood of Plymouth, a small town on the coast of Massachusetts, which is famous in the world's history as the landing-place of the first colonists of New England, the Pilgrim Fathers of Puritan New England, in the time of Charles I.

The total length of the cable required for this route will be no less than 3564 nautical miles, or very nearly double the length of either of our Atlantic cables. One length of 2788 knots will be required from Brest to St. Pierre, and 776 from St. Pierre to Massachusetts. The distance between Valentia and Heart's Content is, in a straight line, only 1670 nautical miles, but for the cables 2400 miles had always to be made, to allow for slack and in case of accidents. In the cable of 1865 only 1890 miles have been used, and in the cable of 1866 only 1851 miles. The French Company, therefore, has made every allowance for slack and whatever unforeseen accidents in cable laying may occur.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, July 24, 1869.

A WAR PARTY.

Is there a war party, or is there likely to be a war party, in the country? This is a question which is always timely under certain circumstances, and which may very properly be asked just now. Abstractly no intelligent and industrious community desires war, and war is very seldom distinctly foreseen. How many people in England supposed there was to be a Crimean war until it came? How many Americans believed on the 4th of March, 1861, that we were then upon the eve of the terrible war of the rebellion? Every body has a theory that every thing will be settled. Nations, we are told, don't go to war if they can help it. How John Bull has been laughed at within the last three months for supposing that we meant to fight about the *Alabama!* Fight? Why, bless his dull old soul, we were never so peaceful in our lives—only he must pay for the *Alabama*.

In reading the English political and popular history at the beginning of the century, nothing is more evident than the latent hostility to France and Frenchmen, upon which demagogues, and even statesmen, drew at pleasure for their own purposes. And the supply never failed. Popery and wooden shoes was the ridiculous cry of a spirit that was very far from ridiculous, and which produced the most deplorable results. Hostility of this kind is the most convenient resource of unprincipled politicians. Profoundly persuaded that there is no such thing as moral principle in politics, and that every thing is possible to audacity and persistence, they calculate upon jealousy and inflammatory misrepresentation as confidently as a chemist upon his elements and combinations. The greatest events in history are interpreted by them upon the basest theories. Gracchus was an ambitious and selfish schemer; Pym and Hampden and the Parliament unscrupulous intriguers and hypocritical canters. Our own Revolution was the work of a handful of penniless lawyers who wanted distinction. The rebellion was diamond cut diamond. One day politicians of this kind arraign a President as the arch criminal of history; denounce him as the destroyer of the lives and liberties of the most defenseless people, and the probable accomplice of an assassin; the next day they are bowing to him, and pleasantly taking his hand.

This is the spirit in politics that hesitates at nothing, and it is to the extent and influence of this spirit that we must look in answering the question we have proposed. There is unquestionably a deeply seated hostility to England in this country, and there is an entire lull in domestic politics. The Democratic party is burning to recover power—the Republican party is resolved to retain it. The "Irish vote" is a unit in opposition to England. This vote is controlled by the Democratic party, but there are Republican leaders who are always hoping and scheming to gain possession of it. No bid for this vote could be so resistless as a declared policy of war with England upon a good pretense. But this is as well understood by those who now control it, and who would not shrink at any step necessary to retain it. Meanwhile the American sentiment in regard to the *Alabama* is virtually unanimous—not in all the details, not upon every position taken by Mr. Sumner, but upon the essential point that the escape of the *Alabama* was a "scandal and a reproach," and the result of an unfriendly feeling.

Under these circumstances, is it unlikely that politicians of the kind we have described, by no means wanting in shrewdness, believe that the party which first appears as a war party with England, upon a fair pretext, will carry the country? The debt is not a consideration in the case. The argument for war is always an appeal to passion, to prejudice, to emotion of various kinds, and sweeps away every economical consideration. In this case, too, the rebel and repudiating influence would all be for war; nor must we omit the force of the jubilant confidence in our own strength which springs from the experience of the last few years. The domestic political situation of the country, in its various aspects, and the kind of feeling due to the *Alabama* difficulty, suggest, therefore, the strong probability that some favorable pretext for a war policy will be sought by certain party managers.

What is it likely to be? Certainly not a haughty ultimatum upon the *Alabama* question. But are there no other unhealed points of difference with Great Britain? Has the fishery difficulty ever been settled? Yankee fishermen may take fish within a certain distance of the British American coast; but was it ever determined to our satisfaction that the line ran across from headland to headland in the Bay of Fundy? How then if American fishermen, under instruction, should insist upon their right to a certain fishing ground; how if they should disregard a warning to quit; how if they should be attacked, fired upon, killed? A Yankee fishing smack sunk by British guns in the Bay of Fundy would, under the circumstances, make war with England very probable. Now the fishermen of Cape Ann are General Butler's constituents. In his speech at Gloucester, over the graves of the soldiers, he declared that the mission of the victims of the rebellion is to fan the flame of hatred to England. He has, indeed, openly announced his favorite method, a peremptory demand of settlement of the *Alabama* claims, with six months' grace; then non-intercourse, with consequent civil war in England. But statesmen can not always put their ideal policy into practice, and are sometimes obliged to seek results in less heroic ways. We do not mean to insinuate that the Essex representative is now issuing instructions to the Gloucester fishermen, and we mention the subject of the fisheries merely as an illustration of the kind of opportunity that can always be improved. But General Butler has an undoubted influence in Congress. He is a shrewd and resolute party manager. Does any body doubt that he will strenuously cultivate a belligerent feeling toward England as a sagacious party policy?

We trust that there will be found in Congress plenty of members who will regard this subject as honorable men, and not merely as American partisans; who understand that the most patriotic American is he who endeavors to see how all difficulty may be avoided, not facilitated; who heartily despise the eternal caviling and bragging and hectoring and pandering to ill-feeling, which are so foolishly mistaken for a sincere devotion to the country and its rights. What we most need is not the statesmanship that ostentatiously seeks to force England to eat humble-pie, but that which strives to arrange the difficulty most favorably to the honor and the amity of both nations.

FOREIGN INTERFERENCE.

The "Irish Republicans," of whom we spoke two or three weeks since, met in Chicago on the 5th of July, as they proposed, and passed sundry resolutions. They set forth what they conceived to be "the duty of the Irish people in this Republic," and they asked "for the downtrodden of all enslaved lands the sympathy and support of the people and Government of the United States." They also declared their readiness "to stand by the Government of the Republic in insisting upon an ample apology for the wrong committed [in the *Alabama* affair] and full compensation for the loss sustained."

The American people will undoubtedly be grateful for this cordial expression of regard from the "Irish people in this Republic." The Americans have certainly done nothing at any time to forfeit a kind feeling upon the part of Ireland and the Irish, whether at home or elsewhere. It is also peculiarly flattering that so many Irish delegates should come so far from their own land to declare their friendship for us. Indeed it is surprising that with their feeling these gentlemen do not take one more step and become American citizens. If the resolutions at Chicago had been the expression of American citizens they would have had a significance which no resolutions of "Irish people," or "German people," or "English people," or any other foreign people in this country can possibly have. Why, for instance, should "Irish people" pronounce against free-trade in this country where it is not the commercial policy rather than in their country where it is? It would not be a very edifying spectacle if the "American people" in France should assemble and resolve against a republic. The Parisian journalists could not help exclaiming, "But what then? We others are not Republicans." If Irish people are opposed to free-trade let them remonstrate at home, not in this country.

We observe also that the Convention protested against the neutrality laws of the United States, upon the ground that they are useful only to the "monarchies of the earth"—those of heaven and elsewhere not being included—and the "Irish people in this Republic" pledge themselves to labor for their entire repeal. But how is this? Is not the repeal of any law of the United States the exclusive business of American citizens? Have the Irish people, or the Portuguese, or the Russian, or the Italian, here or elsewhere, any thing whatever to do with it? If the American people in the empire of France, again, should pledge themselves to labor for the entire abolition of the existing French laws regulating elections or the imperial succession, would they be considered a trifle impertinent? The only ground upon which any body of persons is entitled to pledge themselves to labor for the repeal of the laws of this country is, that they are citizens of this country; and if they are, then they are American citizens, and can rightfully take no other national name. The instant they claim to interfere in our affairs as Irish, or German, or English, or French, their action becomes suspicious.

Politically, there are no "Irish citizens of this country," and no "Irish Republicans." As citizens we are Americans, and nothing else; as a party we are Republicans, and nothing else. Whatever tends to divide American citizenship by lines of foreign birth is mischievous and not to be tolerated. If the gentlemen who met at Chicago are American citizens of the Republican party, their action was not an authoritative party action, and tends only to perplex the party. If they would strengthen the Republican party they must act with it, not organize themselves separately as foreigners.

LATEST FROM TOOLEY STREET.

The amusing absurdity of the theory of the civil service of this country which is held by a certain class of politicians is very well illustrated by the recent proceedings of a Committee in the city of New York in regard to the United States Marshal for the Southern District. There was a special sub-committee solemnly appointed to consider the offenses of that delinquent in the matter of appointments of his deputies. This sub-committee reported that the Marshal had "utterly ignored party" in his selection of subordinates, and that the party "can not be with impunity neglected, ignored, or defied," and so on, in the most resounding strain, the report finally exploding in certain resolutions: that the working Republicans won the fight; that they are entitled to the legitimate fruits of the victory (Mr. Marcy's phrase was better —"To the victors belong the spoils"); that the public man who ignores the working politicians commits political suicide; and that Francis C. Barlow is that public man. Thereupon the sub-committee demanded his removal, and the parent committee approved by a vote of 44 ayes to 24 noes.

The exquisite humor of this performance is the assumption of these forty-four gentlemen that they are the Republican party. They do not say, for they could not truly say, that the Marshal has not appointed as good Republicans as the members of the Committee themselves, but simply that he has not allowed the Committee to appoint for him. Honest, intelligent, industrious, capable, faithful men and Republicans he may have appointed, but not those whom the Committee designated, therefore he defies the party, and the President whom the party elected must remove him. A more ludicrous illustration of the spoils theory could not be conceived. After the booty is bagged, the President has the honor of the Presidency for his share. The offices for which he is responsible are then to be distributed among the local committees for their share. The committees are to select the "working politicians" as the incumbents; and whoever doubts their peculiar fitness and capacity is, in the language of the report, to be considered an "ingrate demagogue." The efficiency, the fidelity, the honesty, and the economy of the public service are of no importance; but a few gentlemen elected upon a committee—and how gentlemen are elected upon committees every man knows who is practically familiar with politics—must have the offices they want because they are the party, and the party elected the President.

The friends of a reform in the civil service of this country are greatly indebted to this amusing comedy. Those of us who hope for that reform are probably "ingrate demagogues," and we are undoubtedly defying and ignoring the party, in the opinion of the statesmen of Tooley Street, if we say that, until that reform is effected, it is the imperative duty of every appointing officer of the Government to select as his subordinates those political friends of whose qualifications for honest and efficient service he is satisfied, and with no regard whatever to Tooley Street, except so far as its recommendations may be approved by his judgment. It is a gross offense against the people of this country for any local political committee to attempt this kind of interference with the duties of the officers of the United States. Such a committee may indeed control caucuses against those officers; but it can not prevent the confidence which, upon the very grounds for which they are denounced, will be reposed in such officers by the better part of their own party, and by all their intelligent fellow-citizens.

CERTAIN "GREAT PRINCIPLES."

Mr. Wade Hampton, who was described by the *World* a year ago as a kind of ideal American citizen, is Vice-President of the Southern Historical Society; and he recently wrote in a public letter asking the publication of certain records:

> "We owe it as a sacred duty to our ancestry, the fathers of that Republic which exists now only in name; to our children, whose duty it will be to re-establish civil liberty on this continent, if they hope to escape our fate; and, above all, to the memory of our heroic dead, that we should place upon record, where the future historian of our late war may find it, the true facts relating to our unfortunate but glorious struggle. By this means alone can we vindicate our principles, justify our cause, and preserve intact that which alone can give value to history—truth."

He adds, urging the appointment of branch societies in South Carolina:

> "In the mean time I invoke in behalf of the Society the aid and co-operation of every man who reveres the ancient honor and renown of our State; who cherishes a proper regard for the great principles which have governed her in the past; who believes that these principles will yet be triumphant; who wishes to vindicate the cause for which we fought, and who desires to preserve untarnished the memory of those patriots who died for that cause."

Mr. Wade Hampton, whose public career shows him to be a very foolish gentleman, here shows how curiously he and his friends misconceive the vital point of the war, and the inevitable judgment of History. What is the verdict of History upon the great rebellion in England? That it was honorable and justifiable. Why? Because, although the line between the Royal prerogative and Parliamentary privilege had never been definitely drawn, yet the King asserted his prerogative against the liberties of the people. He asserted a right that could not be expressly and technically denied, but for an ignoble purpose, and therefore the heart and conscience of mankind declare against him.

Now what is the cause for which Mr. Wade Hampton fought? Ostensibly it was that of State sovereignty, the right of a State to secede at will from the Union—a right left obscure in the Constitution. We say nothing of the unspeakable folly of the theory, of the impossibility of any real national growth and development, of the painful limitation of every defense of freedom implied in such a scheme, because men may fight not only bravely but honorably for a mistake in political philosophy and practice. But while State sovereignty was the ostensible cause, the perpetuity of human slavery in its most odious form was the real object of the rebellion. Mr. Wade Hampton inherited and bought and sold men and women, and lived by their unpaid labor. By reason of regarding human beings as chattels he enjoyed also a political privilege which was not shared by his fellow-citizens who held to the equal human rights of all men. Perceiving that the friends of equal rights were likely to control the Union, of which his State was a part, by which ascendency the system of buying and selling men and women, living by their labor, and deriving political privilege from them, might be at last peacefully abridged and even abolished, Mr. Wade Hampton asserted the right of his State to secede from the Union. He asserted a claim, in itself innocent enough, however foolish and unfounded, but for the basest of conceivable purposes.

To maintain State sovereignty that slavery might be perpetuated was the object of his "unfortunate but glorious struggle;" under the pretty name of State rights, to buy and sell men and women were his "principles;" and the triumph which he anticipates is the reduction of this nation to an imbecile league, each member of which may at its pleasure enslave a part of its population. Does Mr. Hampton suppose that History will not know this and record it? Will History know any thing of the subject that we do not, from the unspeakable treachery in the Cabinet to the unimaginable torture at Andersonville? As civilization advances is humanity likely to regard the savage slave system of the United States with more favor, and to honor a desperate struggle to perpetuate it? History, Mr. Wade Hampton may be very sure, will care little about the "glorious" principle of State sovereignty, but its eye will not remove from the object for which that sovereignty was invoked. The bloody hand of the rebellion all the perfumes of rhetoric can not sweeten.

WAS THE POLICY OF HOLDING ON TO GRAIN GOOD?

The drought of last year in Europe, which was most severe in Great Britain, was succeeded by a winter wholly unparalleled for mildness. In England, about the 20th of February, new leaves appeared upon the trees while yet the old remained, which, having started afresh on the termination of the drought in September, had not been subjected to the usual law which causes the leaf to drop annually at nearly fixed periods. The verdure of fields, started into new life by excessive fall rains; the turnips, sown late by way of experiment; the cereals, put into the ground in autumn—all attested by their free and long-continued growth the presence of unusual warmth and moisture during the winter, and pasturage was afforded for cattle in place of foreign supplies of grain. Providence seemed bounteous in proportion to the severity of the visitation under which the English had lately suffered. As the drought extended over a large district, the uncommon season by which it was followed was not limited to England.

In comparing the value of particular crops it is not always easy to assign to each with certainty its relative importance, but there can be no doubt that grass is generally far more valuable in the districts in which it grows luxuriously than any particular crop of grain, or perhaps than all of the crops of grain united. The loss of it in England during the drought was the most felt; its recovery and continuance during the winter, especially as the growing wheat was freely pastured, did more to enable England to tide over the drought than all other causes. Cattle had been thinned off; the population had been put on an economy amounting almost to the pinch of a time of allowance; the markets of the world were searched for cheap food; emigration was set on foot, but happily for England, and we doubt not for the world at large, a winter that partook of the character of spring was beneficently provided, and cattle and sheep were enabled to fill themselves with the richness of pastures, instead of being subjected to an inclement season. Although this has moderated the demand for our cereal productions, we rejoice in this fortunate turn in the situation of the English.

But notwithstanding this result, which could not have been foreseen, we are satisfied that holding on to grain was the true policy of our farming interest. Every consumer of breadstuffs in the United States has had a supply adequate to his means; the speculators of Chicago and New York have had as much as they could carry conveniently, if not more; and it is highly probable that, although here and there a particular person might have been benefited by selling early, the whole mass of our food products would have been slaughtered in price but for the policy of not producing a glut of grain at the sea-board.

It has been our endeavor, with the most sincere regard for the welfare of our great agricultural interest, to place before them their exact situation with respect to the populations that consume their products, and the conditions upon which the consumers' statements of markets, general and local, ought to be received—a matter which in time will be well understood. The control of the world's markets is now in the hands of the principal dealers in grain of Liverpool and London, and yet it is the habit of our press to publish the quotations they daily utter through the telegram as if they were a true and reliable index of the state of the market as between the producers of grain elsewhere and themselves.

If the farmers of the United States commit the mistake of pressing their grain upon the seaboard in such unusual quantities as to lower the price, the quotations in Liverpool are lowered in a corresponding degree, and presented to other localities as the test of transactions with them. The interests of the most important consumer are thus promoted in all markets at the expense of all producers. The value of foreign food of all descriptions consumed by the population of the United Kingdom amounts now to about $500,000,000 per annum, measured by our currency, and it may be supposed that an interest, the deepest that can sway a community, is constantly operating with never-ceasing effect in the direction we have supposed.

Never until this year has there been any serious effort to check this foreign control over our producers of food. The existence of a drought, the severest known in England during this century, seemed to offer an opportunity for resisting the policy of English dealers, and to claim the privilege of equality with them in adjusting the price of our own products. The immense disadvantage that our grain was carried in foreign bottoms from this port, and that freights advanced as the foreigner rose to our grain limits, has operated unfavorably. The English have been obstructed in their attempts to break down the market at no other point; but the firmness of our farming interest has been perceptible in some degree, and, to that extent, to its advantage.

The demand for grain now proceeding from Europe encounters a severe money market and high freights, but prices are obtained that would have been impossible had grain not been stored in the West this season. The wheat of California received at Liverpool this spring met with severe slaughter, and such would have been our experience had the example been imitated.

As other states of Europe come into the condition of England, and attain to a growth in population too redundant to be fed with what they severally produce, the question becomes more interesting to us: How shall the price be adjusted for what we have to sell?

Mr. Ruggles, in some interesting statistics presented recently to the Union League Club, stated that our production of grain of all descriptions, measured by population, was more than double that per head of the like production in Europe; and that as the quantity abroad was constantly diminishing in its ratio to the population, and ours was being augmented, they would very soon look to this country for very large supplies of food. Russia has lately pushed her railroads into new localities, and will doubtless be relied upon for many years to come to supply part of Europe with many agricultural products; but making allowance for the new districts thus connected with sea-board markets, it is very probable that the demands of Europe upon this country for food will increase to such an extent as to require on our part more attention in adjusting the price than has been considered necessary.

All that we want is a fair remuneration for our products, and, we repeat, the farming interest is more certain to obtain it than if they had loaded the merchant with what would have swamped him and produced serious disaster under the unscrupulous system which the English apply.

Last year the harvest in England commenced on the 12th of July, and continued without being disturbed by rain until the 12th of August. This year it will be more than a month later, as the grain is very backward, owing to recent cold weather. But whenever it may take place there is a certainty that the immense sacrifice of cattle, sheep, and hogs produced by their premature slaughter for want of food in the summer and fall of 1868, and the necessity for close feeding which has existed ever since, must operate severely until the harvest of 1870.

It seldom happens that the price of both our cotton and grain are high at the same season, and it is probable that the attention of English operators has been diverted from cotton by their close attention to the manipulation of grain, and that we owe the advantage from cotton to the neglect of similar combinations. The entire amount of money to be distributed, obtained from foreign sources, is as large as could be expected, and but for a pernicious paper system would inure to the solid benefit of the whole country.

NOMINATIONS.

The recent ridiculous speech of Mr. Andrew Johnson at Washington, and the utter indifference with which it has been treated, offer a very suggestive text. A year ago Mr. Johnson was the President of the United States; an officer of such power, and a man of such suspicious character, that Congress thought it necessary to impeach him, as a measure of high state concern. That he was a dangerous man can not be doubted. That he would not have hesitated at any measure, however revolutionary, which had a fair chance of success and a certain show of legality, is unquestionable. For a long time he seriously and even perilously thwarted the settlement of the questions arising from the war upon which the loyal people were resolved. He was both an impediment and a menace, and when in ungovernable rage he denounced from the White House Senators and citizens by name, there was a very uneasy feeling that trouble might be imminent.

Now, a few rods from the White House, with feeble ribaldry, he denounces his successor, and the only emotion with which his words are received is one of incredulity and shame that, at so solemn a moment as the election of 1864, a man so curiously unfit should have been placed in the possible succession to the Presidency. It was, however, not so extraordinary at the time. Mr. Johnson was very little known to the country before the war. With the rebellion began his vehement denunciation of rebels, and his fidelity to the cause of the Union at a conspicuous and exposed point, in view of his antecedents, and the propriety of a ticket which should show that the Republican was merged in the Union party, procured his nomination at Baltimore. The Andrew Johnson of May, 1864, and the Andrew Johnson of the last three years were apparently very different men. When, therefore, the Republican party is derided by the Democrats for making such a nomination, it may very justly smile at a sneer for such a reason coming from a party that nominated "Joe Lane," and that elected Richard M. Johnson to the same position; and may allege that, as nominations are usually made by both parties, it was not at all extraordinary.

But the moral that Mr. Johnson's career so strongly points is the necessity of a sharp scrutiny of men who are proposed to be nominated to responsible offices. There are few men in this country to-day so little respected as he. The same thing is true of Franklin Pierce. It can not, indeed, be said of Mr. Fillmore, yet certainly no man is more unimportant than he. His opinion upon public affairs is not sought. Its expression would have no weight whatever. Yet these three persons, Mr. Fillmore, Mr. Pierce, and Mr. Johnson, have been Presidents of the United States. They have filled the highest office in the world. Two of them, indeed, were not elected to it, but they were elected to the next degree of succession. Merely to mention such names is to enforce a moral. Nominate men whose success or failure will not justly injure the party.

Shall not the example of Andrew Johnson be remembered by the Republican party when it makes its nominations for the autumn elections? In this State, indeed, we do not this year elect a Governor, and the campaign will inevitably be languid. But let us at least nominate men whose well-known characters are their credentials: men who are known for honesty and ability. In the absence of great national issues the elections will be determined by other considerations, and most prominent among them will be the indication given by the nominations that the party is as intent upon the public welfare, upon efficiency and economy of administration, as upon mere party success. The point to be impressed upon our minds is, that in politics as elsewhere, in the long-run "corruption wins not more than honesty." The Democrats have no issues, no policy, no proposition. Their State Conventions and the dreary talk at Tammany Hall on the Fourth of July show that they are unchanged. The country is satisfied with Republican administration if it shows that it deserves to be maintained. Let us remember Andrew Johnson, and beware!

FALSE PRETENSES.

The Democratic managers are evidently firmly persuaded that to call a cabbage a rose makes it a rose, or that if you only persist long enough you can at least fatigue people into acquiescence. The Ohio and the California Democratic Conventions have both solemnly resolved, the first, that "the Democratic party of the United States have always been pre-eminently friendly to the rights and interests of the laboring men;" and the second, "that the Democratic party ever has been, is now, and ever will be, the champion of the rights of the mechanic and the working-man."

These be brave words. What are the facts? There is not a person in the country who is in the least familiar with our political history who does not know that the great policy of the Democratic party for a generation was the aggrandizement of the slave system of the Southern States—a system which imbruted the laboring population of those States, denying them even the common personal rights of humanity; and when the Southern leaders of the Democratic party claimed the right of carrying their slaves into the free Territories of the West, whereby a Democratic leader, like Jefferson Davis or Robert Toombs, with a horde of laborers whom he kept like cattle, became the immediate rival of every free laborer from the East, it was the Democratic party that supported the demand. It was because the great mass of intelligent laboring men of every kind in the free States saw that the Democratic policy was one that disgraced labor and degraded the laborer that they threw that party from the power it had so long and foully misused; and it was the great slaveholders who were the chiefs of that party who then attempted to overthrow the Government, in order to perpetuate the abject slavery of the laboring population of half the country.

There was never a haughtier aristocracy than the old slave lords in this country; and their interests and will determined the policy of the party that "has always been pre-eminently friendly to the rights and interests of the laboring men," and "the champion of the rights of the mechanic and the working-man."

NOTES.

Now that Mr. Walker is elected Governor of Virginia, why do we hear nothing from our Democratic friends of carpet-baggers? Mr. Walker is a "carpet-bagger" of the most unquestionable kind. According to the *World*, Mr. Walker's carpet-bagging propensities are inveterate. Born in Binghamton he carpet-bagged to Hamilton College, thence to Owego, thence to Chicago, thence to Norfolk at the end of the war. Why then, on the one hand, does the *World*, with its keen scent for carpet-bags, talk of a "Conservative" victory in Mr. Walker's election? and why, upon the other, does it say that the result in Virginia "completely disconcerts the carpet-baggers from Mississippi and Texas," and that there is "dismay among carpet-bag politicians of the South?" Why should the election of a carpet-bagger as Governor of a Southern State dismay Southern carpet-baggers in general?

Does not the *Sun* push its sensational reports of what it calls Spain's rule in New York a little too far when it denounces the officers of the United States who execute the laws as "bloodhounds?" As its report virtually justifies the murderous intentions of foreigners against American citizens for doing their duty, we hope the *Sun* has duly considered its responsibility if its incitements should be followed and murder ensue. The account which the *Sun* gives of the examination of General Goicouria before the Commissioner shows only more plainly the propriety and the necessity of a proclamation from the President warning every well-disposed person that the authority of the United States can not be safely defied. When a mob of foreigners wait outside of the United States Court-room to wreak their vengeance upon a man whom the *Sun* calls "perjured traitor" and "wretch" because he does his part in enforcing the law which forbids those foreigners to make our territory the base of their war upon a friendly nation, it really seems time to ascertain whether the Cuban authority of Captain Ryan and General Goicouria or the Government of the United States is paramount in this city.

The other day the Ohio Democratic Convention nominated General Rosecrans for Governor. How agreeable a nomination this is to Mr. Vallandigham and his friends may be inferred. When General Rosecrans was fighting the rebels, the friends of the rebels nominated Mr. Vallandigham for Governor. It is to be supposed, therefore, that the friends of "the martyr" can hardly be very friendly to the General. But all tastes can be suited by the news from Ohio. The Democratic organ in New York assures us that "the nominations and the platform are hailed throughout the State as the sure way to success. The Democrats here to-night are jubilant and the Radicals are despondent......We shall carry the State with the ticket nominated to-day." How despondent the Radicals are, appears in the *Tribune* of the same day. "The result was received with utter disgust by the radical [Democratic] element of the party. And an effort to have the nomination made unanimous met with a signal failure. The Vallandighamers are loud and bitter in their curses to-night, and indicate that they will give the head of the ticket only a milk and water support......The Republicans are perfectly satisfied with the action of the Convention, and are confident of an overwhelming victory next fall."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Democratic State Convention of Ohio met at Columbus July 7, and nominated General W. S. Rosecrans for Governor. Resolutions were adopted against the exemption from tax of the Government bonds, and against their redemption in gold; against a high protective tariff; and against the Fifteenth Amendment.

At the dedication of the monument to Fitz-Greene Halleck, July 8, at Guilford, Connecticut, a poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes was read, and an oration was delivered by Bayard Taylor.

The match base-ball game between Yale and Harvard, on the 5th, resulted in a victory for the latter by a score of 41 to 24.

Miss Nora Giles, daughter of Rev. Henry Giles, the well-known lecturer and essayist, a beautiful and highly-educated young lady, eighteen years of age, was drowned at Bucksport on the 3d by the upsetting of a boat in which she was sailing, in company with her sister, another young lady, and a gentleman.

Judge Louis Dent, brother-in-law of President Grant, has been tendered, and has accepted the nomination for Governor of Mississippi by a Republican delegation from that State, which has recently arrived here. Mr. Dent is an old resident of Mississippi, and has large plantation interests in that section.

A serious accident took place July 3 on the Short Line or Cincinnati, Louisville, and Lexington Railroad, recently opened to the public. The bridge over Bank Lick Creek gave way beneath a construction train. Seven cars and the tender of the engine were precipitated a distance of twenty-five feet, and two men were killed and fifteen others were wounded.

The Harvard crew sailed from this port in the *City of Paris* for England July 10. The Oxford crew against which Harvard is to contend is this year the best the University has had for a long time; it consists of four men who have rowed for many years, and never been beaten. The betting in England is in favor of Oxford 10 to 1.

The yacht *Dauntless*, with James Gordon Bennett, Jun., its owner, arrived at Queenstown, July 11. She made the passage in 12 days, 17 hours, 6 minutes, and 12 seconds, beating even the *Henrietta*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The British House of Commons has decided to postpone for the present all discussion relative to the *Alabama* claims difficulty. The attitude of the House of Lords on the Irish Church question creates much excitement in England, and circulars have been sent around suggesting the propriety of the country ridding itself of "this obstruction to legislation." The Lords have rejected the Life Peerages bill.

The Opposition in the French Corps Législatif have demanded the resignation of M. Rouher, the Minister of State. A Ministry is demanded which shall be responsible to the country. It is reported that the Emperor is inclined to acquiesce in these demands.

The project of the new Constitution for Servia has been completed. It establishes equality of the citizens, Ministerial responsibility, liberty of the Press, independence of Judges, and autonomy of the Legislative Chamber.

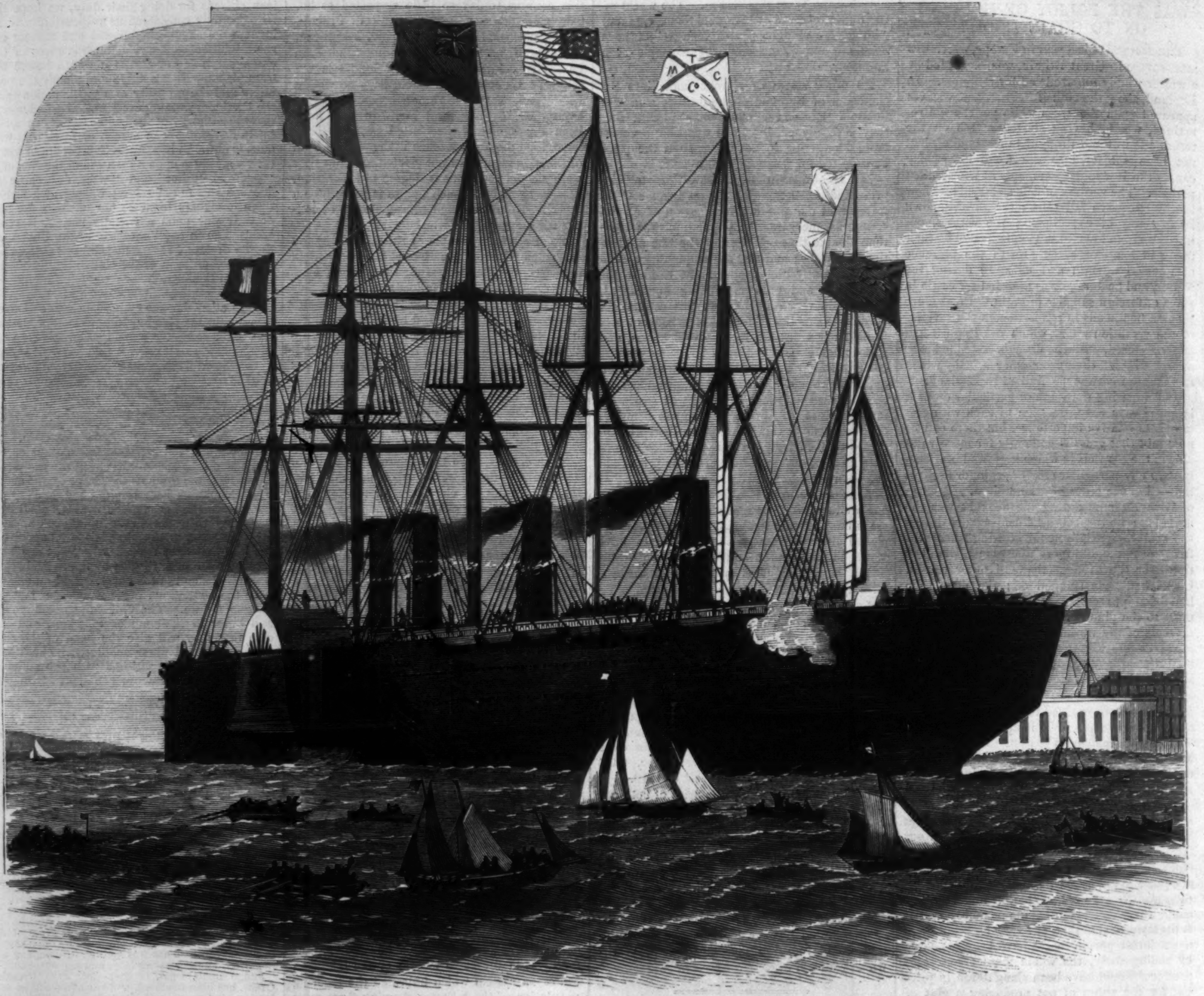
The Prime Minister of Bavaria, Prince Hohenlohe, has issued a circular to the foreign Powers on the Œcumenical Council. He warns the Governments of the principal dangers which they ought to guard against, and particularizes the decision which the Council may announce in regard to the infallibility of the Pope, the disposition it may make of the questions of Church property, and other points likely to come up of an essentially political character.

Herrera has resigned his post as Minister of Justice in the Spanish Cabinet. Zorilla takes his place. Beccara has been appointed Minister of the Colonies.

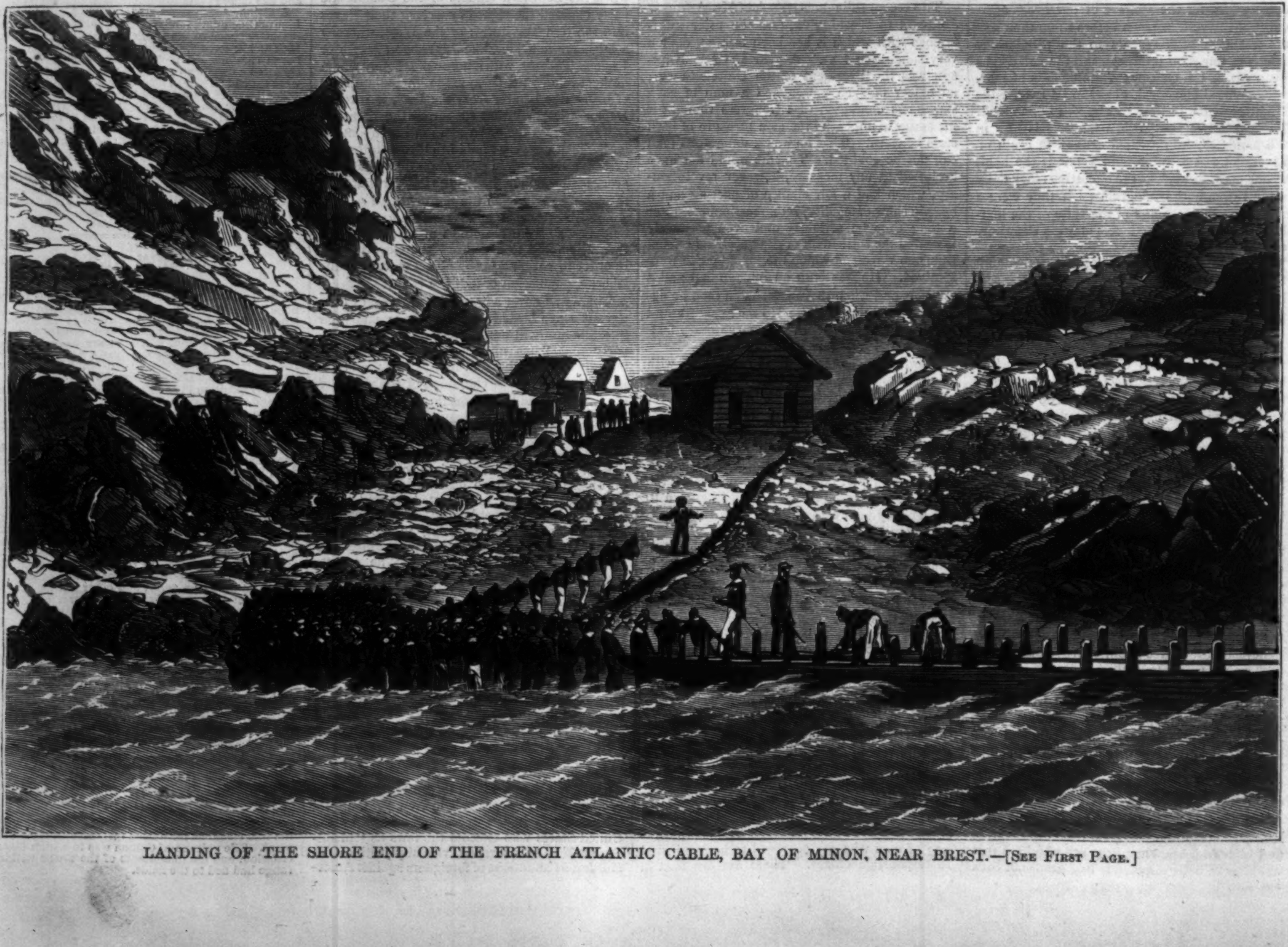
The Island of St. Pierre, the American terminus of the French cable, lies off the southern coast of Newfoundland. Great and Little Miguelon are islands of the same group. These are barren rocks, valuable only as a refuge for French fishermen, and as giving France a title to the surrounding fisheries, which are extremely important. The entire area of St. Pierre and French Miguelon is about 106 square miles, and the permanent population perhaps 2000 souls.

Letters have been received at Montreal from Jefferson Davis, in which he states that his health is very poor, and he fears that he will not be able to return to this side of the water. If he gets well enough to travel he intends to spend the late summer in Canada, and the winter in Mississippi.

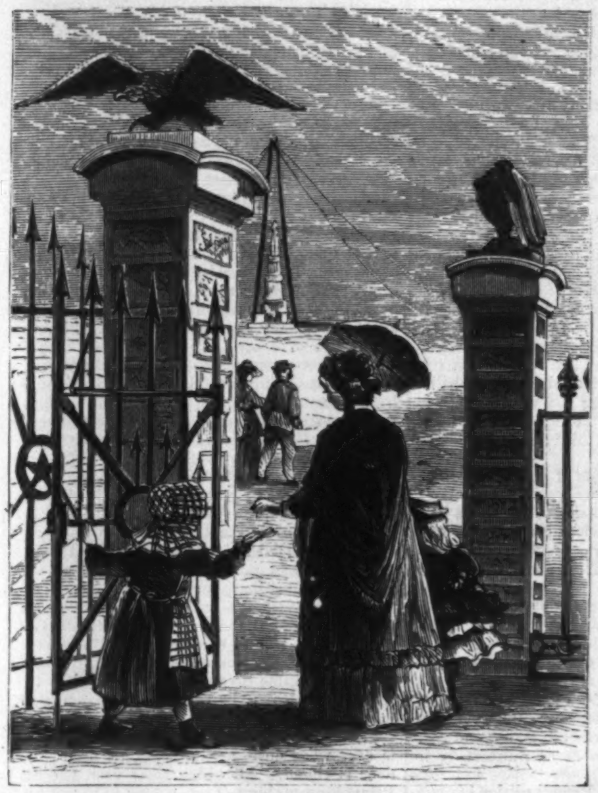
Mexican advices of July 5 report that the results of the late elections have been favorable to the Government. The volcano of Colima was in a high state of eruption, and the inhabitants of the towns within its range had fled to the fields.



THE "GREAT EASTERN" STEAMSHIP LEAVING SHEERNESS WITH THE FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



LANDING OF THE SHORE END OF THE FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE, BAY OF MINON, NEAR BREST.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

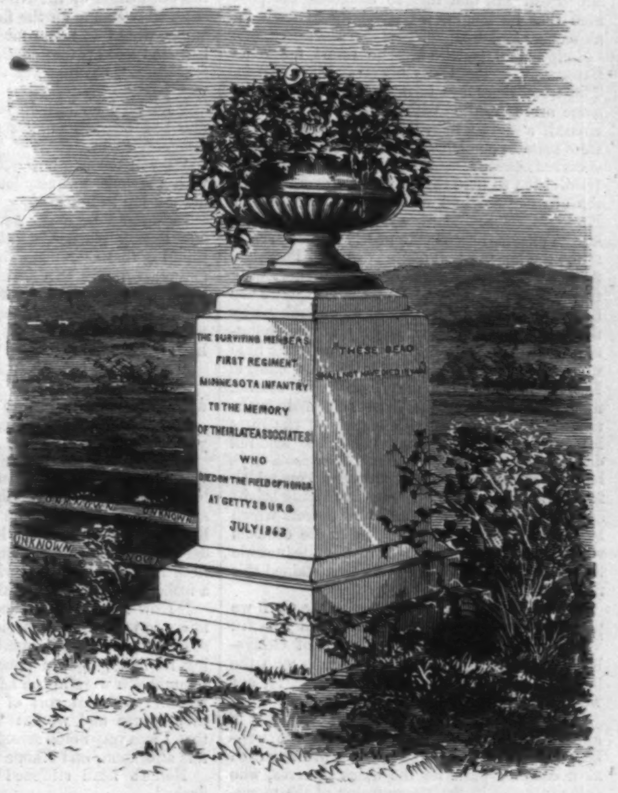


GETTYSBURG—ENTRANCE TO THE CEMETERY.
[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

President Lincoln's Gettysburg Oration,

NOVEMBER 19, 1863.

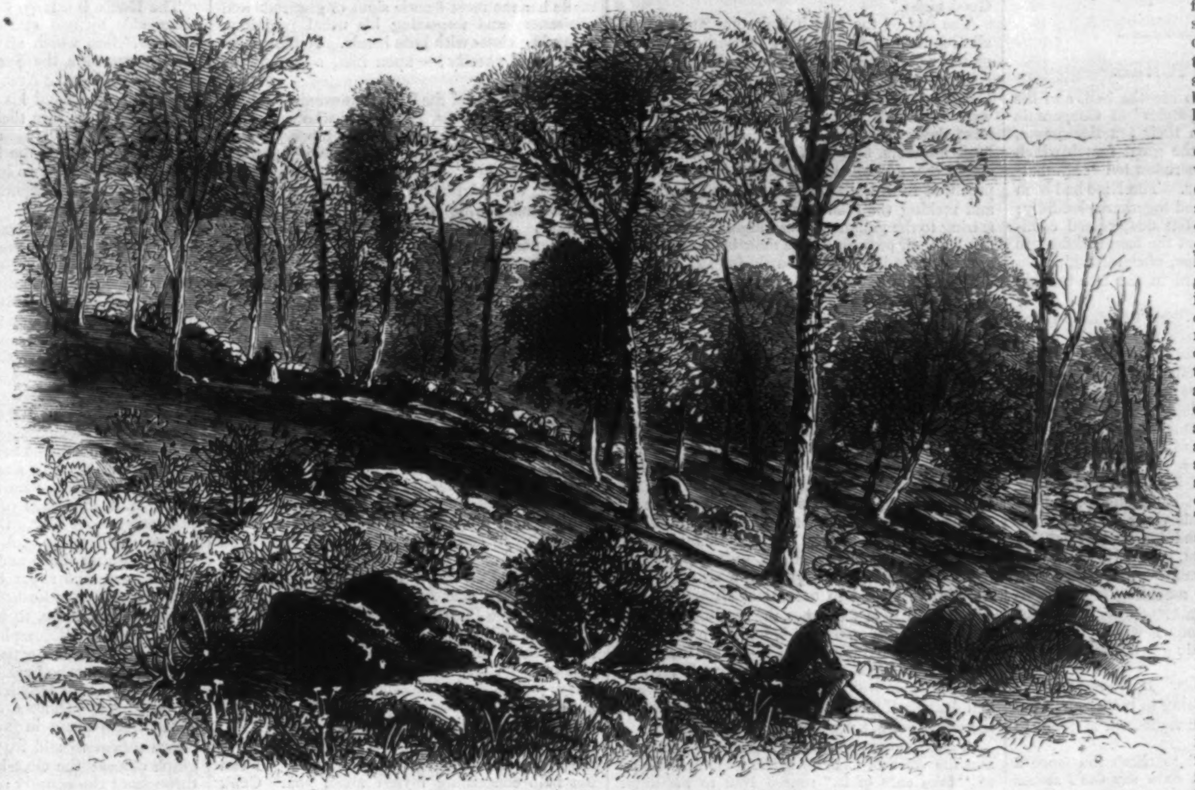
FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall under God have a new birth of freedom, and that Government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.



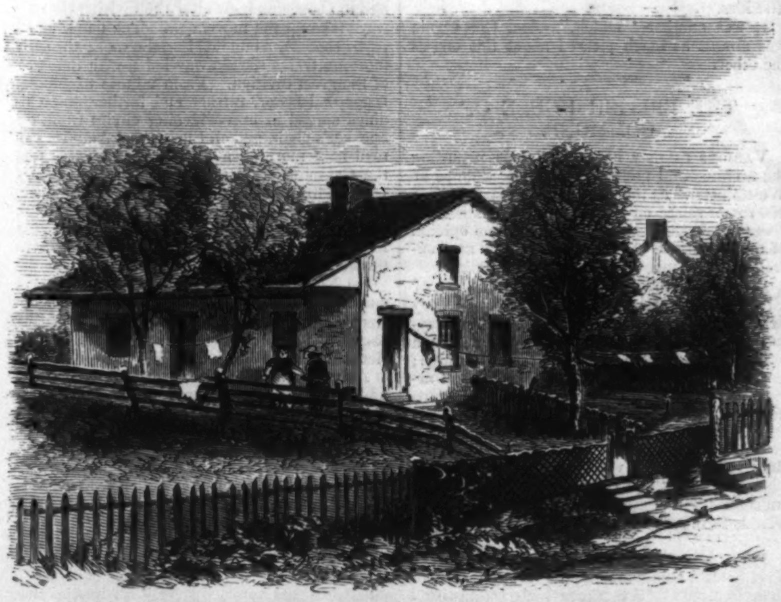
THE GETTYSBURG MONUMENT.

GETTYSBURG.

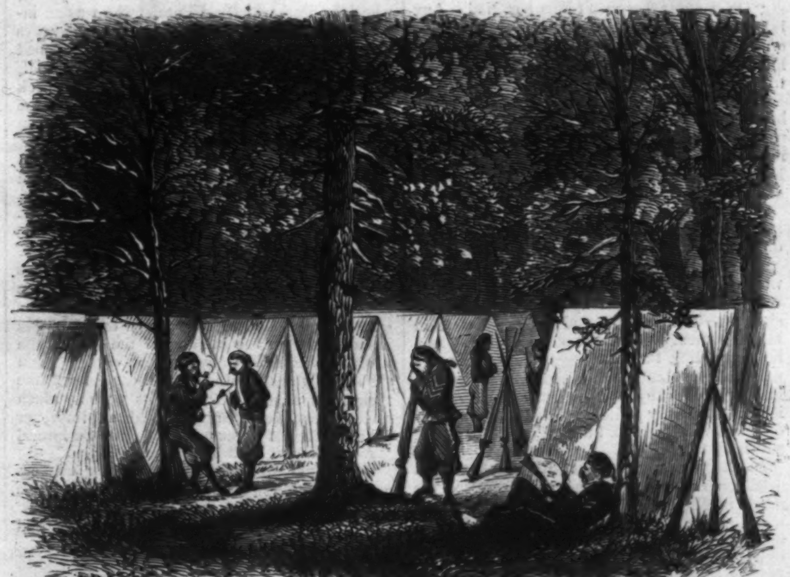
GETTYSBURG, though picturesquely located, can not be called a pretty town. The number of its inhabitants will not exceed five thousand; and, aside from some work done in the way of relic manufacture, the industrial features of the place are not remarkable. Tourists may reach the town from New York by three different routes: *via* Baltimore, Northern Central of Pennsylvania, to Hanover Junction, thence to Gettysburg; or *via* Allentown to Harrisburg, thence by the Northern Central to Hanover Junction; or by the shortest and quickest route—from New York to West Philadelphia, thence to Lancaster, Columbia, Wrightsville, York, and Hanover Junction. By this latter route numerous changes of cars will be necessary, but it is undoubtedly the most satisfactory line. Arriving in Gettysburg one feels instinctively that the urchins of the town are anxious to get his money; for they swarm about you with bullets, "ten cents apiece, three for a quarter." "Reb shell, Sir!" urges another, with all the iron that he can lift in the shape of a rusty cannon-ball; "have it for a dollar n'af." Splinters of wood, fragments of boulders marked by some whizzing bullet, are crowded in rare profusion before the stranger's eyes, but not one of the *gamin* offers to burden himself with your baggage. It would seem as if the juvenile portion of the inhabitants had run mad on the subject of relics. Schools of these small fry darted about the monument during its erection, and any chip that was cut away to facilitate the setting of a stone was seized by at least three of these relic-hunters. The boxes in which the statues were brought from Italy were eagerly secured to make canes of, and the nails were preserved with great care because "Why, they came all the way from Europe!" Mr. BATTERSON, the sculptor, met with a warm reception on the day of his arrival in Gettysburg. Any number of youngsters insisted on selling him plans and accounts of



GETTYSBURG—CULP'S HILL.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]



GETTYSBURG—JENNY WADE'S COTTAGE.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]



GETTYSBURG—THE SPOT WHERE GENERAL REYNOLDS FELL.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

his monument, and they so badgered the poor man that he bought a Gettysburg Panama for a quarter, and escaped.

Culp's Hill is the favorite resort for relic-hunters, whether Gettysburgers or strangers. The trees there are torn with shot and shell; some are so riddled with bullets that death has ensued, and the naked limbs of the stricken trees seem fit emblems of the fierce struggle that occurred beneath them on the 2d and 3d of July, 1863. It was here that Slocum's men repulsed the oft-repeated and well-sustained assaults of Ewell's corps. Trees with two hundred bullet wounds, and rocks with nearly as many scars, attest the hot fire that poured over this historical field. Turning from this, it is but a short walk to the gates of the National Cemetery. They are opened for you by children made orphans by this bloody fight. After looking at the monument we turn off toward the west, over the field where Longstreet made his famous charge. Now a marble vase meets our eye, resting upon a base of the same material. This is the tribute of "the surviving members of the First Minnesota Regiment to their comrades" who fell during the great battle. These Minnesota boys have invested money too, the interest from which is used by a lady of Gettysburg in keeping bright and fresh the red, white, and blue flowers which bloom in the vase. The leaves of the crimson verbenas that have fallen on the white marble base remind us of the red tide that stained this field.

On our way from the cemetery to the town we pass the little brick house in which Jennie Wade was killed—the only citizen of Gettysburg who met that fate in connection with the battle—and she was busy making bread for our wounded.

The grove where General Reynolds fell is in another direction, and not far from the well-known Gettysburg Spring. The grove was used as a camping-place for the Utica Zouaves, who came to assist in the inauguration of the monument, and the tree beneath which Reynolds fell was to them a sacred spot. An "R" cut with an axe, and a few bullet scars in the bark of the tree, are the only marks by which the spot may be recognized.

TWO MATCHES.

It had got too dark to see the ball, and the active and athletic "Olympics" of Cooperania reluctantly desisted from their practice-game, the last but one before the great match which was to pit them with the renowned "Manhattans," the then Champions. The Nine had been all present, and had worked together splendidly; and it was with a calm but deep-seated confidence in their strength that the men withdrew to the club-house; and thence, after refreshing ablutions, strolled homeward in the late twilight of midsummer.

Ned Hope went home with Charlie Somers, not because that was Ned's nearest way to his home, but because it was the nearest way to Nellie Somers's. Charlie Somers was the Captain of the Nine. Ned was at the head of his class at Columbia, but at the foot of the Nine. Still, Ned Hope was a good trusty player, always reliable on a long catch, and not seldom brilliant at the bat. Charlie was full of the coming match, in which he hoped to lead the Olympics of Cooperania to victory and the Championship, and detailed to his companion his views of the several members of the Nine, and his speculations on the chances of the contest. Ned Hope was abstracted, as was too common with him, and said but little, now and then assenting in monosyllables to Charlie's rapid talk.

At last he broke in upon it with, "Charlie, how did your sister Nellie get acquainted with that Patch family?"

"I didn't know she was. By-the-way, Ned, that fence of Patch's is going to bother us in the game. Every long hit to right-field is going to land right in that yard."

"Yes, hang it; I had to climb the fence a dozen times to-night. I dare say the Patches are respectable people enough, in their way; but what Nellie can find congenial or improving in their society I don't understand."

"Oh, I guess they won't hurt her, Ned. Any how that fence is as fair for one side as the other. You must practice up on going over it, you know; it's on your point. Look out for that, will you, Ned?"

By this time they had reached Charlie Somers's house, and Charlie held the gate open while Ned passed in. Three or four figures were seen groping about the grass in the broad front-yard, and Ned's heart beat quicker as he heard Nellie Somers's voice:

"Don't flinch, Maggie! Hit just a little bit hard. Here's the stake. Now, that's splendid!"

And the rubber game of croquet was finished, won by Nellie's side, of course.

The young men went up to the girls, and in almost no time Charlie and his sister were in high argument over the last points of play, Charlie contending that she might have beat the game half an hour ago. It ended by her calling him a "great old goose," and conclusively proving it. Ned very politely greeted the young ladies, and went to work hunting up the balls and gathering the hoops.

In the parlor the conversation opened and dwelt on the one topic that had possessed the minds of all Cooperania for weeks—the match with the Champions. Charlie again passed his men in review, recounting the special qualities of each in reply to the interested questioning of old Mr. Somers. Mrs. Somers deprecated practicing so much in the hot sun of the afternoon, but admitted that the momentous issue involved made it necessary. Nellie had her opinion about the disposition of the Nine. She would rather see Teddy Snapp on the first base than Boggs. Boggs would do better for the third. It was too bad Ned had all that climbing over Mr. Patch's fence to do, but that was the point for him, she was sorry to say.

"I wish I could help you, Ned," she added. She had begun to notice that he was keeping strangely silent.

"I will tell you how you can," answered he, with a serious, meaning look and tone which she did not fail to observe.

Nellie now began to watch Ned with puzzled and uneasy glances, and he, perceiving it, and thinking that she was getting into a graver mood and one suitable for receiving a lecture, felt much relieved, as though the battle were already half won. So when he lingered in the front-yard walk in saying good-night, he was very glad to have her ask:

"Ned, what is it?"

Ned scored the gravel with his cane. Suddenly looking straight into her face, he said:

"*I* have no right to concern myself about your doings."

Nellie could say nothing to this, and there was an embarrassing pause. Ned Hope ought to have said his good-night here and gone off, and ten minutes later he was vehemently upbraiding himself for not having done so. Indeed he found at once that he must come down from his high horse, so, with a sickly smile and a feeble attempt at pleasantry, he asked:

"How long is it, Nellie, that you have been intimate with the Patch girls?" Nellie showed some surprise at this question, and Ned, thinking he had gained a point, went on: "I had thought you were in the habit of choosing an altogether different sort of companions." And then, worse and worse: "I have only to say that I was very much astonished to see you there this afternoon, and I hope I never shall again."

Nellie's head stiffened back and her eyes flashed.

"Really, Mr. Hope, I should think you *did* concern yourself with my doings! I think it very probable you may see me again at Mr. Patch's. Ned Hope, you will be sorry for this. Good-night."

The day of the Match had come at last, and all Cooperania, and a great portion of the rest of the world, were gathered round the field of contest. "The weather was all that could have been desired, and a large number of the fair sex were in attendance," as the newspapers said the next day. Yes, the fair sex *were* present in large numbers, filling all the regular benches for spectators, and all the other seats that could be procured from the houses in the neighborhood, and making the scene brilliant, joyous, and inspiring to the gallant young knights who were to display their prowess before their bright eyes and approving smiles and do battle for the glory of old Cooperania.

Yet the benches were hueless and lustreless for one knight in the tourney. Ned Hope scanned the throng anxiously over and over again, but the ladye faire whose favor he wore in his heart of hearts was nowhere to be seen. He had not called at her house since that wretched night, and the justice of her reproach still weighed heavily on him. Could it be that she had determined even to forego the pleasure of witnessing the great match, in which he knew she had been deeply interested, in order to avoid meeting him? Was he so odious in her sight as that?

The game which was to decide the ambitious claims of the Olympics of Cooperania became wearisomeness and a burden to him, even in those first critical innings of the match which are always played in breathless silence, and in which each man feels that the eyes of the little world of lookers-on are upon him, as indeed they are. He heeded not the game—"his heart was far away." What glory won here could retrieve the disgrace in which he was held by that noblest and dearest of girls, Helen Somers? What was the match—what was any thing to him now?

A good knock, coming straight for right-field, and the voice of Charlie Somers calling to him to "take care of it," roused Ned to his duty. The ball rose high, and was evidently destined for Patch's yard. Ned made a dash at the fence, and in another moment would have been upon it, when the gate, which old Patch (who was an inveterate hater of the National Game) had always malevolently kept locked against the Club, opened wide, and a domestic came out to empty a pail. Ned dashed in, secured the ball, and had it back to the pitcher with as little loss of time as if the fence had never existed. The servant went in again and locked the gate.

"That was a piece of good luck," thought Ned; "and saved a run and my shins." And he had still further occasion to congratulate himself when he saw the right-field of the Manhattans struggling over the high fence, while the Olympic's men were flying round the bases. Nay, Ned had to thank his stars, or Patch's domestic, he did not know which, for the same good luck once, twice, and thrice repeated. The gate really seemed to swing open on its hinges immediately on the landing of the ball in the yard (*whenever the Olympics were after it*), and the same woman with the pail came forth like their good angel. Ned's spirits were so much revived that he even whispered an improper joke to Charlie Somers, quoting the Scriptural "*Knock*, and it shall be opened unto you."

The game progressed with varying chances and amidst the most intense excitement. The Cooperania Nine had led off with two "ducks' eggs," while the Champions had scored a 5 and a 4. Then came the Champions' turn at the "ducks' eggs," and they put down one for each of the next three innings, while the Olympics had run up 9, a 1 and two 4's; so that at the end of the fifth innings the clubs stood 9 and 9. Then the game went as follows: Olympics, 3 0 3 0; total 15. Manhattans, 1 3 1, and the last innings to get 2 in to beat or 1 to tie.

Cooperania must not let them have that 1.

Bad Luck had seized upon the Champions in the third innings, and would not loosen her grip in their extreme hour. Charlie Somers, who was catcher, had taken their first two men out on "foul-tip" in one-two order, at the very beginning of the innings. The third striker had hit well and got away to his base. The next man had done the same and sent his predecessor to the second base. One more good hit would bring that man home and beat Cooperania.

Ah! there is the hit! Away it flies (it is toward Patch's yard), and away goes the Manhattaner for the home base and Victory.

Away, too, dashes Ned Hope for Patch's fence. Will his good angel of a Biddy with the pail desert him now?

No, the gate opens and she bustles out just in time for Ned to rush in by her. Ned is in the yard, thanks to Biddy; but where is the ball? He brushes hastily among the weeds where it *ought* to be, but can not find it. The Manhattaner must be nearing the third base. *Oh, where is the ball?*

As when in the conflicts of classic story the protecting deity of the hero always appears above his head at the critical moment and gives him the victory, so now a gracious goddess who had hung in breathless anxiety over the doubtful contest sent down her voice from above and directs Ned's trembling hand.

"Oh, *there*, Ned, under the lilac!"

Ned grasped the ball and sent it flying in an unerring parabola to the home base, and victory descended with it into Charlie Somers's outstretched hands.

A great shout went up from the field. Cooperania had won the Championship; and the Cooperanian spectators, one and all, young and old, of both sexes, wanted to devour, almost, their gallant Champions.

Ned Hope still stood in Patch's garden in mute adoration of Nellie Somers, who was waving her handkerchief from Mrs. Patch's window above; for he now knew whose hand had given them the victory. He threw his cap on the ground, made her the most frantic signs of gratitude and obeisance, and forgetting his usual propriety, threw her kisses with both hands. Nellie smiled—oh, how sweetly!—upon him, and shut the blinds.

At the supper of the Club that evening in honor of the Champions, Ned Hope, who sat beside Nellie Somers, being called on to respond to the toast, "The Ladies," alluded with grateful mention to the "lady with the pail" (loud applause), who had never "muffed" the gate a single time during the match. (Laughter and cheers.) He wished, he continued, propriety would permit him to place the credit of this masterly strategy where it belonged (Nellie Somers's face was bent down, and tell-tale blushes and smiles contended for the mastery of it); but he was confident the name of Somers would ever stand among the highest on the roll of honor of the Olympics. (Long-continued cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, hats, and base-ball bats.)

That night, as Ned and Nellie walked homeward, she told him how she had contrived to win over Mr. Patch to leaving his back-gate unlocked; how the "Patch girls" had ably seconded her efforts, although they were not exactly "the sort of companions she usually chose;" how she had pressed Biddy into her service and thoroughly drilled her; and how she had secured an upper window in the Patch house to watch the game and direct her part of it. "And now you see, Ned," said Nellie, "why I am so 'intimate with the Patch girls.'"

Ned hung his head in silence till they reached the shade of the front-yard. Nellie had waited patiently, for she knew he would confess he was sorry, just as she had said he would. Ned would not go into the house, but drew Nellie aside and took both her hands, whispering:

"Forgive me, Nellie. I should not have spoken as I did had I not loved you. I can not help concerning myself about you. Can't I have the right to do so?"

Nellie's head was by this time on his shoulder, and he felt her nod assent. And then came their first kiss.

It was another "match." And Cooperania was almost as much pleased about this one as the other.

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Various as may be the opinions regarding the architectural pretensions of the "Palace of Westminster," as the ornate Gothic structure of 500 rooms raised on the bank of the Thames has come to be called, there can be but one opinion of the magnitude of the interests which are controlled by the men who sit within its walls.

It is popular now to talk of the decadence of Great Britain, and to regard with complacency Macaulay's imaginary New Zealander surveying the ruins of the modern Babylon from a crumbling arch of a once magnificent bridge; but before that time of Cockney desolation arrives some few generations of readers must come and go; and therefore it may not be amiss to take a glance at the history and modes of procedure of that powerful body who for six hundred years have sat within the walls of St. Stephens, and as "The House of Commons" have influenced the destinies of not alone two small islands in the East Atlantic, but the whole civilized world.

For six centuries the Commons of England have made a continuous fight for "more liberty to more people." Sometimes, indeed, that sentiment has been confined to a very sparse minority, but still has found utterance, and with no dubious sound, at every critical period of the world's history.

The House of Commons meets at four o'clock in the afternoon, the session frequently lasting until the summer sun is high in the heavens. Let us take ourselves in fancy to the door of the House when an interesting debate is progressing, and after elbowing our way through a mass of excited humanity, take a look through the open door. We can see nothing but a crowd of men; it covers the floor of the House, and the benches that rise, rank above rank, on either hand; nothing is visible but a sea of faces and a wall of backs, so packed full is the House, even to the threshold under our feet. One figure alone is distinctly visible: by the canopy overhead, by that long robe and flowing wig, the Speaker may be recognized. He sits raised above the throng, calm and unmoved, the representative of order. By standing on tip-toe you may get a view of the Leader of the House, who is just closing the debate. His last words have been uttered during a lull in the hideous noises which so generally disgrace the proceedings of the House; but as he sits down the storm of noise is renewed by the fierce outcries of "Ay, ay!" and "No, no!" when the Speaker, rising to his feet, reads aloud the motion in debate. That over, the scene changes.

All the doors of the House are thrown open, voices cry "Division, Division!" up and down the passages and corridors. And bells repeat the call, set jangling sharp and clear by the touch of an electric spark that in its circuit throughout that great building flies over sixty miles of telegraph wire. Thus summoned, the members hasten toward the House from Library, Refectory, or Committee Room.

Two minutes of jangling bells and hurrying feet, then the doors of the House slam to, the turn of locks is heard. No one can enter till all is over when once, at the Speaker's order, the door is closed. All within must vote, but the Prime Minister himself can not get in to join the division if accidentally too late.

Inside, for the next quarter of an hour, the strife of tongues ceases; the members are silenced by the supreme anxiety of the moment.

The House is a large square room, flanked on either side by two corridors, styled "Division Lobbies," into which all the members file, the Ayes on one side, the Noes on the other. Passing up the House the Ayes face toward the Speaker, and circle around his chair into the western lobby; the Noes turn their backs on Mr. Speaker, walk down the house and file round into the eastern lobby; then the four "Tellers"—members of the House—two in each lobby, take down the names of the occupants, and count the number.

This occupies some time, for in a full House probably 630 out of the whole 658 members will vote, and then the crowd is serious enough; sometimes, before the division is half over, the result of the vote is visible, and cheers burst from the winning side; and on rare occasions some fun is raised at the expense of a friend of the Government who finds himself in the Opposition lobby, and escapes before it is too late, amidst clouds of good-humored *chaff*.

In close run fights the excitement lasts till the numbers are proclaimed. The counting in the lobbies concluded, the benches are again crowded with members all anxiously waiting the report of the Tellers, who, approaching from different sides and ends of the House, with difficulty meet. At length they face the Speaker in a row, side by side. A cheer suddenly bursts forth—a shout sharp and decisive. It must be the winners who shout like that. The shouts are with difficulty hushed; all appear quite furious to know more, to hear the exact number of the votes. Triumphantly it is proclaimed aloud by the Teller for the winners; triumphantly the winners echo back their delight.

The Speaker at length announces the decision of the House. Doors every where fly open; the shouts begin again in the lobbies outside; the crowd moves to and fro; feet rush to the telegraph offices; the electric wires are set at work throughout the country; the click, click of the telegraph hand is heard across the sea. The strength of steam-power races after the electric spark; the newspaper presses roll and shake; and in about one hour after the division the railways take up the movement. The damp newspaper sheets are bundled into the vans; the early morning trains speed away laden with the story of the great division. From minute to minute, faster and faster, further and further, those tidings spread in ever-widening circles from the Speaker's chair, and all Europe and America can read next morning at their breakfast-table that the Commons of England support a Ministry who boldly proclaim the poor man's right to vote.

Stormy as are the debates that forerun such divisions, fierce as is the war of tongues, not for two hundred years have the Commons witnessed any approach to open violence.

On November 23, 1641, swords were drawn, and in the blind fury the members were all but slaughtering each other; but Hampden, greatly respected by both parties, was able to quell the riot before any blood was shed.

Although no blows have ever been struck, yet, undoubtedly, most unseemly displays of temper are often witnessed. And the power of the Speaker is almost *nil* in repressing these outbursts; for he has to keep order with no power to compel order; he can not commit a member to custody, flagrant as may be his conduct; he can not even order him to quit his place in the House. The utmost punishment the Speaker can inflict is to name a member—to call him by his name. An indirect rebuke is contained in this ceremony. When the Speaker addresses a member by his name, that very act implies that he has so conducted himself as to cease for the moment to be a member of the House of Commons; for there the members are never spoken of, or spoken to, save by the title of the seat which they represent. At best, however, an indirect rebuke is not much of a punishment; though by an ancient rule there arises "the displeasure of the House." What that amounts to may be gathered from the following anecdote:

A gentleman often "out of order," often needing the threat of "naming" from the Speaker, at length asked him: "Well, what follows?" The answer he got from the Chair was: "The result of my naming you? The Lord in heaven knows!" An emphatic mode of confessing that nobody did know.

The Speaker is almost powerless in fact; he can not enter into a debate, nor can he regulate the order of business; he can not in any way interfere with the arrangement of the work before him. He certainly can call on a particular member to speak; that is, when a dozen or two rise at the same moment, he can say who "catches his eye;" but even this privilege is sometimes denied him; for it is in the power of the House to settle whom they will hear. An illustration of this principle is connected with our own history.

When, in 1782, American Independence had been made a fact, England was eager to acknowledge it, withstood only by the obstinacy of the King George III. and his Prime Minister, Lord North. The Commons were resolved to stop the war, to throw out the King's War Minister; and after a six weeks' struggle the King and Lord North had to yield. The Minister came down to the House to announce his resignation. He rose to speak; and out of courtesy the Prime Minister is generally heard at once without question.

To be courteous, however, the House was not inclined; they loudly insisted that another member, who had also risen, should speak first, and that Lord North should give way. He was, however, too skilled in debating tactics to be easily silenced; and directly the motion that the other member be heard first was proposed Lord North again started up to speak on that question. There was no stopping him then; and he immediately cut discussion short by announcing that he and the Government had resigned office.

A quorum of the House of Commons is forty members. If one less be present, then it is no House; but though two members only were before him the Speaker could not recognize the fact. If one member proposed a resolution and the other seconded it the Speaker would have to put the resolution to a House of Commons composed only of those two members. It would go on the Journal as a resolution of the whole 658 members.

The notice of the want of a quorum must come from some member, and then "a count" of the House must take place, debate is at once stopped, for two minutes the division-bells, as before described, are set ringing, and the doors are thrown open. Then the Speaker counts the heads upon the benches, and if the required forty members be not present the House, debate, and all is closed for that evening.

Yet though the Speaker can not himself begin a count, a very slight touch may set him off. One evening a very prosy member was talking to a score of listless, sleepy listeners. He got annoyed at the paucity of members and the inattention of the few present; he fired off a joke about the packed House, the crowded benches, the eager faces he pretended to see around him. The jest was fatal; he had referred to the number present; this done, and the Speaker must determine what that number is. "Order! order!" from the Chair silenced the debater. Amazed and ignorant of the result of his wit, he saw the House counted at twenty, and his speech was never finished.

The Speaker can not leave his dignified seat unless his chain be loosened by a friendly member's voice. On one occasion the Speaker was actually left sitting without a member being present, and there he would probably have sat until next day had not a member been fetched back to repeat before him those magic words, "That the House do now adjourn." Even the silver gilt mace, the special emblem of the Speaker's authority, does not belong either to the Speaker or the House of Commons. The mace is only lent to the Speaker by the sovereign, who resumes the loan when Parliament is not sitting.

The theory of the mace is that it represents the royal person, which is always supposed to be present at the deliberations of the House. The Commons are elected by the people; but by a principle, or rather a fiction of the law, they sit under writs issued by the Crown. Therefore the sovereign, as the legal incarnation of the legislative functions, is always presumed to be present.

A mighty part has the mace played in the annals of the House of Commons. When Cromwell ordered it to be removed—"Take that bauble away" are the reputed words—the Rump Parliament was scattered to the winds. At the Restoration it is doubtful if the original mace was recovered, at any rate the Royal Society claim to be in possession of it, so does the Corporation of the City of London.

The power of true authority is not wanting to the Speaker, powerless though he seems. The Speaker has the greater power, because he possesses no power. It is because he represents good order without the means of compelling order that he keeps order. So excellent have been the men holding the office that for many generations no conflict has ever arisen between the Speaker and the House.

A Speaker is elected by royal command on the first day of each new Parliament, but a new man is not necessarily placed in the Chair; indeed, this is now never done. A Speaker once elected continues to preside over successive Houses until removed by death, or by being raised to the peerage and a seat in the House of Lords.

When an election takes place the usual course is for a member distinguished by long experience to suggest who, in his opinion, is most suitable for the Chair; and if no one else be proposed the election passes by acclamation. This is not always the case; the choice of Speaker has been occasionally the subject of long and hot debate. Out of the ten Speakers chosen during the last hundred years the election of seven was carried by a division, not by unanimous consent. After the election the supremacy of the Crown over Parliament reappears. Before a Speaker can act he has to ask and receive the royal approval.

This approval has been always given, with one notable exception: it was refused by King Charles II. to the proudest of his subjects. This was Sir Edward Seymour. At the opening of the new Parliament in 1678 the Commons unanimously chose him for their Speaker. Seymour was personally obnoxious to the King, yet confident that King Charles dared not refuse him acceptance as the Commons' Speaker. Seymour presented himself at the bar of the House of Lords to fulfill the ancient ceremony. He was more haughty than any peer—the haughtiest man alive. His looks asserted all the pride he felt; disdain glittered in his eyes; and with undaunted assurance he addressed the King: "I am come hither for your Majesty's approbation." In such a style no Speaker had ever before addressed a King. King Charles was not to be brow-beaten thus; he bluntly refused his consent; Seymour went away, no longer Speaker of the House of Commons. Most indignant were they with the King; the Commons thrice addressed him angry remonstrances. In vain; the only answer they could get was an assertion of the sovereign's undoubted right to annul their choice of a Speaker; and the Commons had to yield.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Wonderful caves multiply. In fact, it is the fashion for two or three remarkable, unexplored caves to be brought before the public every year. The latest marvel is Proctor's Cave, recently discovered in Kentucky, not far from the Great Mammoth wonder. A full description of this novelty is impossible, but those who have visited it are enthusiastic over its marvelous beauties. Vast avenues and halls yet remain unexplored, and the full extent of the cave will probably never be known. The entrance is situated in a romantic valley, and was at first but a narrow crevice in the rock; but it has been enlarged by blasting, and steps lead the visitor to a serpentine avenue, called the Labyrinth, which extends about two hundred and fifty yards to what is called the Grand Crossings, where three avenues branch off, leading to separate chambers or domes. "Kentucky Dome" is of vast dimensions and regular shape. It has been demonstrated that a river exists in this cave equal in size to any in Mammoth; and in this dome water can be heard dropping into this river at regular intervals, striking the surface with a low booming sound, and reverberating from side to side. "Herculean Dome" is believed to be the largest in the world. "Curtain Dome," the crowning glory of the cave, is about seventy feet high by twenty wide. On one side a sheet of stalactite, semi-transparent and looped in graceful folds, extends from the top to nearly the bottom of the dome. It appears like a real curtain—the illusion is perfect. There is an endless profusion of stalactites and stalagmites in various parts of the cave. One, called "Lot's Wife," is a perfect representation of a female form, though with an unmistakable Grecian bend! In "Elfin Grotto" groups of stalagmites are found which greatly resemble statues. Also, there are a great number of sonorous stalactites, which, when struck with the hand, emit a musical sound. Altogether, Proctor Cave seems to be as well worth the attention of the curious as any thing of the kind which has been discovered.

Omaha already boasts of three daily papers; and in addition to births, marriages, and divorces, one paper announces betrothals, and proposes to have still another column headed, Flirtations. Advertisers are wide awake at Omaha. One enterprising individual is printing an edition of the Prayer-book, which he intends to give away to every attendant at church. The right-hand page contains the usual prayers, but the left-hand page is allotted to advertisements. Another is trying to purchase the privilege of using the outsides of the pulpits for posting the merits of his patent baby-jumper.

Some people seem to have a strange impulse to taste of every thing that comes across their path. Not long ago a certain Captain Bawden was making some explorations in the Isle of Man, with three miners. One of the men thoughtlessly pulled up a carrot-like root and began to eat it. The taste was pleasant enough, and he passed some to his companions. The fatal effects were almost immediately apparent, and the man who first partook of the root died within a short time after his repast. The others were saved by emetics. The vegetable proved to be the woody nightshade, a plant which is peculiarly attractive to children from its luxuriant growth and crimson berries.

Eight workmen who had been employed in a cane manufactory in London recently exhibited serious symptoms of lead poisoning. All were very ill, and one died. Investigation proved that white-lead was used for fastening on the tops of fancy sticks, and also to whiten them. It is stated that the poison was not inhaled, but that the men were poisoned through not washing their hands at meal-time.

A Bavarian chemist, M. Hahn, has discovered a new kind of gunpowder, and has carried specimens to France to be tried at Vincennes. The compound is said to be twice as powerful as the best sporting powder, and costs less than tenpence a pound. The materials for making it can be found in all countries. It makes little smoke, leaves little ash, and does not foul the gun; damp does not hurt it, nor a blow explode it; its transportation is perfectly safe; its use highly agreeable.

A sarcastic opponent of "woman's rights" says it is a great convenience to have women as post-mistresses, because they can not only inform an applicant if there is a letter for him, without looking, but can tell him what is in it.

Some very pleasant exercises took place at Newport on July 3, in connection with the presentation of an elegant life-boat to Miss Ida Lewis, as a token of appreciation of her heroism in rescuing two drowning soldiers near her father's light-house in March last. The boat, which is of the finest workmanship, is called the *Rescue;* and the presentation was in Washington Square, which was filled with a crowd of enthusiastic people. An appropriate presentation address was made by Francis Brinley, formerly President of the Boston Common Council, to which Colonel T. W. Higginson responded on behalf of Miss Lewis. He commenced by saying: "I am requested by Miss Lewis to return thanks in her name to the donors and to the citizens of Newport. Miss Lewis desires me to say that she has never made a speech in her life, and does not expect to begin now. She has worked out the problem of woman's rights in a different manner. She has been accustomed to assume the right of helping her fellow-men without asking any question. She receives this boat with pleasure, not only as an earnest of the good feeling of her fellow-citizens, but also as a means of doing a little more hereafter, if occasion should come."....At the conclusion of Colonel Higginson's speech, an elegant rudder-yoke, made of rose-wood, with solid silver mountings, was presented by the Narraganset Boat Club; and two silk flags, a miniature anchor of galvanized iron, with cable, an elegant set of cushions, boat-hook, and a velvet carpet were contributed by Captain Kenny and the officers of the steamboat *Newport.* The demeanor of Miss Lewis throughout the exercises was lady-like and composed, alike free from embarrassment and affectation.

This presentation was in the morning; and in the afternoon the *Rescue* was launched from Long Wharf in the presence of a vast crowd. At the appointed hour, amidst much applause, Miss Lewis seated herself at the oars; and by her quick and vigorous strokes the beautiful boat was guided rapidly toward its destination, the Lime Rock Light-house.

A Vermont editor has invented a new method of rousing delinquent subscribers to a sense of their duty. He writes an obituary notice of them.

Grasshoppers very nearly conquered a train of cars on the Union Pacific Railroad, near Green River, the other day. The passengers were compelled to dismount and throw sand on the track before they could proceed.

The "Ophthalmos," a sort of self-acting photographic apparatus, is in reality a camera provided with mechanical contrivances for automatically uncovering and covering the lens and exposing the plate. It is sent up attached to a small balloon without an operator, and at any required height takes a picture of the surface of the earth beneath it, with all the bearings of the compass accurately marked.

Whales seem to be hunted now just as vigorously as in old times when gas and petroleum were things unknown. The latest suggestion in reference to their capture is to stupefy them by electricity. The harpoon is to be double pointed, and each point is to be the terminal of a wire leading to a powerful electrical battery carried in the whaling boat. It is believed that a good dose of electricity will render the whale torpid, and render his capture easy.

Mr. Spurgeon recently introduced velocipedes in a sermon to a congregation of two thousand at Pershore, Worcestershire; and in this wise: "Those new inventions, which the lads were riding down our streets, would not keep up unless they were kept going; the moment they stopped they fell down; and, in this they were exceedingly like the Christian Church, which would fall unless it was kept constantly moving on."

Velocipedists are warned by the London *Lancet* that "human sorrows keep pace with human progress." Within the last few months both French and English surgeons have been required to treat a great variety of injuries, resulting from bicycle accidents. These injuries have been dislocations, fractures, sprains, general shock of the nervous system, and special and peculiar accidents resulting from the novel risks attendant on the machine.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Commercial Intelligence.—"Irish lawn is at a discount."

A "Down-East" Yankee has recently invented a rat exterminator, consisting of a sort of powder snuff. The animal jerks his head off the third sneeze.

Can a square meal be made off a round of beef?

A Vermont man has written to a lawyer in Indianapolis to know whether he can have a "devors," being unable to support his wife—asking, moreover, what it will cost. "If it costs $20, I can't pay that mutch."

Companions in Arms—Twin babies.

A gentleman one day indiscreetly asked a lady how old she was. She reflected. "Let me see. I was eighteen when I was married, and my husband was thirty; now he is twice thirty, that is sixty; so, of course, I am twice eighteen, that is thirty-six."

Was young Lochinvar a Scotchman?—No! a Yorkshireman. He "came out of the West"-Riding.

When a Scotch minister told his neighbor that he had preached two hours and a half the day before, the neighbor said to him: "Why, minister, were you not tired to death?" "Aw, na," said he, "I was as fresh as a rose; but it would have done your heart good to see how tired the congregation was."

A person was asked why he did not take a newspaper. "Because," said he, "my father, when he died, left me a good many newspapers, and I haven't read them through yet." He afterward became a pauper.

WOMAN'S TRUE SPHERE.

With broomstick for javelin, dust-pan for shield,
On clothes-horses mounted, away to the field!
And panoplied thus, let us war to the ladle,
But ladies shall vote; yes, and men rock the cradle.
Arise, and chant wildly your Amazon sonnets;
Then on to the combat, girls! I'll hold your bonnets!
Our whole social system without stay remodel;
Charge, Mrs. Partington! On, Mrs. Caudle!
Flutter your streamers—unfurl your top-gallants,
And sail in, my girls, we've Ben Wade in the balance.

Two countrymen went into a hatter's to buy one of them a hat, and were delighted with the sample, inside the crown of which was inserted a looking-glass. "What is the glass for?" said one of the men. The other, impatient at such a display of rural ignorance, exclaimed, "What for? Why, for the man who buys the hat to see how it fits him."

Beautiful Present.—We noticed a fellow the other day wearing a large ring with a brilliant red setting; he wore it in a queer place—around his eye. Upon making inquiry, he informed us that they didn't cost much, and people generally received and wore them who deserved them. He says it was given him.

"How old are you?" asked a railroad conductor of a little girl whom her mother was trying to pass on a half-ticket. "I am nine at home, but in the cars I am only six and a half."

When the enterprising butcher's boy "set up on his own hook," did he find a comfortable seat?

A Vow(a)l of Indebtedness—O.

During a recitation on natural history in one of our well-known colleges, a student, in the pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, said: "Professor, why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way, and then the other?" "For the reason," replied the Professor, "that she can not turn it both ways at once."

A man who is publicly dined is now said to have been reverdyjohnsonized.

A Friend at a Pinch—One who shares his snuff-box with you.

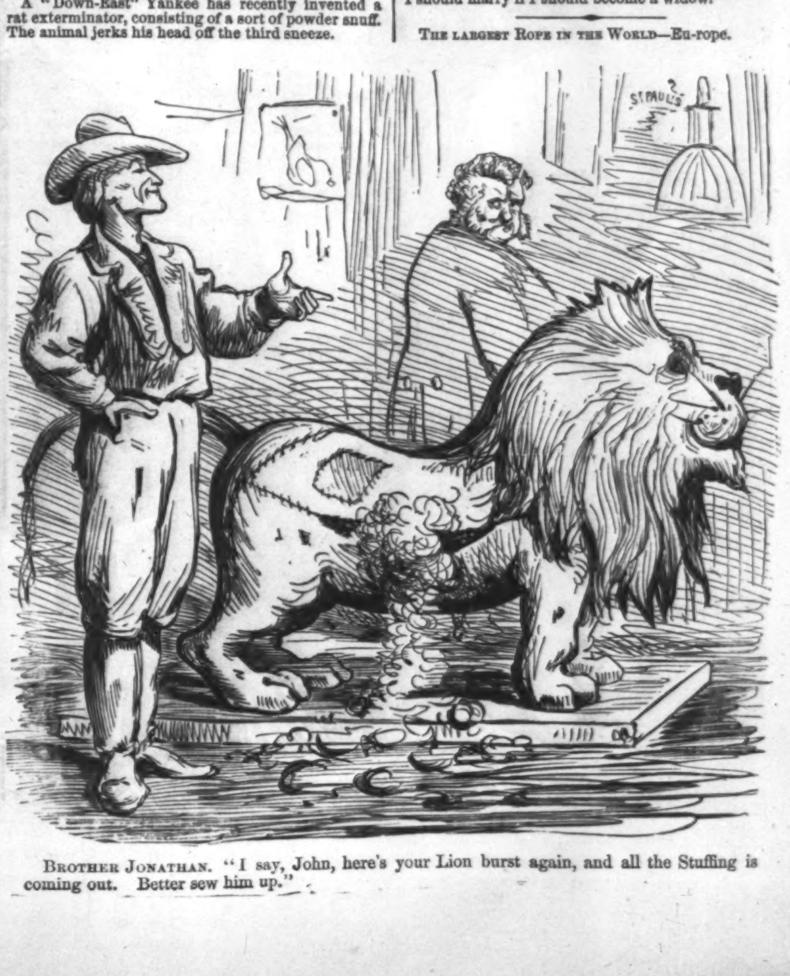
A Bridal Reign—The Honey-moon.

OLD HANKS'S STORY.

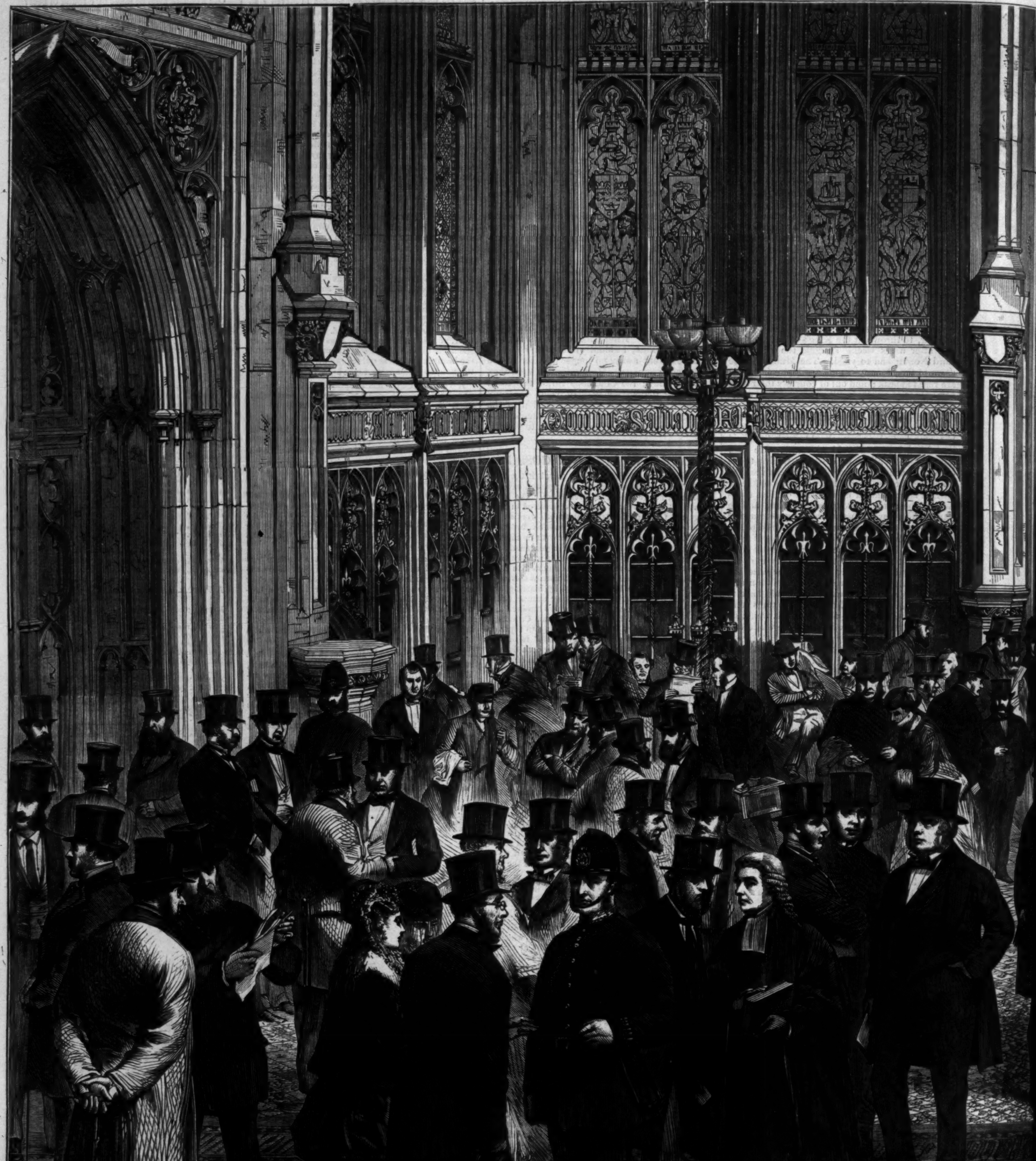
"Some years ago I took a bed-bug to an iron foundry and dropped it into a ladle where the melted iron was, and had it run into a skillet. Well, my old woman used that skillet pretty constantly for the last six years, and here the other day she broke it all to smash, and what do you think, gentlemen, that ere insect just walked out of his hole where he'd been lyin' like a frog in a rock, and made tracks for his old roost up stairs! But, by George, gentlemen, he looked mighty pale!"

A handsome young bride was observed to be in deep reflection on her wedding-day. One of her bridemaids asked her the subject of her meditations. "I was thinking," she replied, "which of my old beaux I should marry if I should become a widow."

The largest Rope in the World—Eu-rope.



Brother Jonathan. "I say, John, here's your Lion burst again, and all the Stuffing is coming out. Better sew him up."



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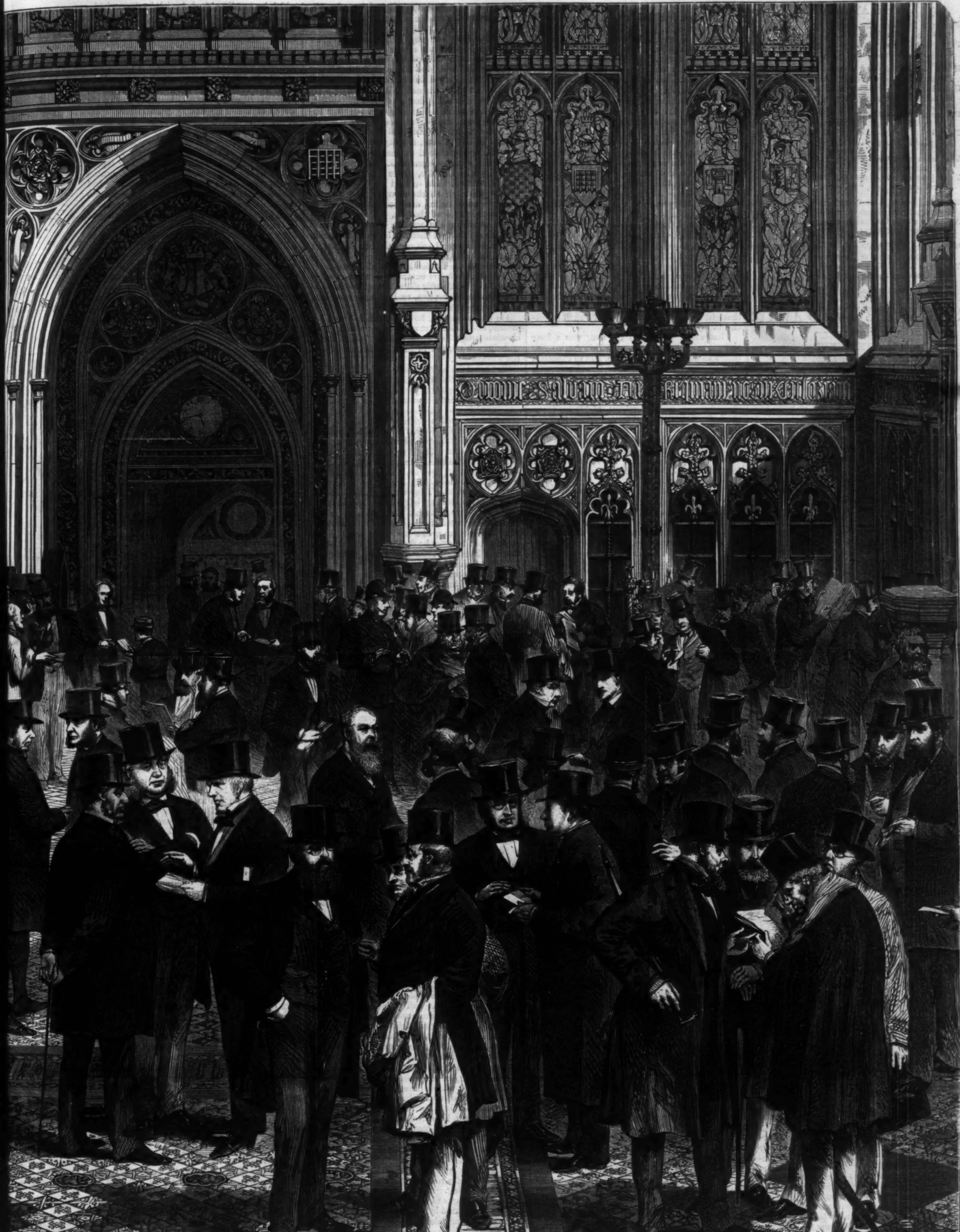


SE OF COMMONS, 1869.—[See Page 470.]

THE ATHEIST.

Weep not for them who weep
For friend or lover taken thence, for child
That falls 'mid early flowers and grass asleep,
Untempted, undefiled.

Mourn not for them that mourn
For sin's keen arrow with its rankling smart;
God's hand will bind again what He hath torn;
He heals the broken heart.

But weep for him whose eye
Sees in the midnight skies a starry dome
Thick sown with worlds that whirl and hurry by,
And give the heart no home;

Who hears amid the dense
Loud trampling crash and outcry of this wild
Thick jungle world of dim magnificence
No voice which says, "*My child!*"

Who marks through earth and space
A strange dumb pageant pass before a vacant shrine,
And feels within his inmost soul a place
Unfill'd by the Divine;

Weep, weep, for him above,
That looks for God, and sees unpitying Fate,
That finds within his heart, in place of love,
A dull, unsleeping hate.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TWILIGHT AND DAWN.

The next afternoon, when Douglas came as usual to Auriel, Azalea did not meet him in the avenue as had been her wont. He missed the bright face and the eager welcome of voice and hand, and felt annoyed at their absence.

"I suppose her father is requiring her services more than usual to-day," he thought; but when he reached the house he found old Moore sitting puffing away at his pipe outside the door, looking very happy in the clouds of smoke and in the contemplation of a favorite beagle bitch that was stretched extended in the sun, tranced in a voluptuous inertness from which not all the velvety bitings of four soft-lipped puppies could arouse her.

"Ain't they beauties?" Moore said, complacently, referring to the fat pink-nosed creatures at his feet. "I said to Azalea, 'We mustn't keep 'em all, the mother 'ill never be able to bring them up;' but Azalea laughed and said, 'Don't you think Him that makes young things knows best about that?' and then she wouldn't have them killed at first because they were blind, and it seemed cowardly to take advantage of their not seeing, and suddenly souse out their little lives in a pool of cold water; and when they opened their eyes she said they looked at her imploringly, and she couldn't have them hurt; not but what I think she was mistaken there, for I notice that when their eyes first open they don't look up or down, but just in a straight level, as if Nature didn't want them to stare at any thing but the mother's teats until they got stronger. They'll make beautiful dogs," the old man added, with that proud satisfaction which all human beings appear to take in things of their own rearing. From the street lad who prophesies that whole hecatombs of rats will fall victims to the prowess of his mongrel terrier when it grows to the age of rat-nipping discretion, to the breeder of a thorough-bred horse, who thoroughly believes that an embryo Derby winner exists in the uncouth foal that kicks up its gawky legs in the paddock; from these to the human mother stirred by tremulous joy and mighty pride in her first-born—do we not all think that our young crows will possess, if not the pure fairness of the dove, at least the soaring attributes of the eagle?

"But where is Azalea?" Douglas asked, impatiently.

"Dare say she's gone to pick up some plums in the kitchen garden. I said I should like some made into a pudding to-day. I can't eat any thing but soft things now—haven't got any teeth, you know. I've often thought, Mr. Douglas, that when Eve, woman-like, did the only thing she was told not to, and ate that 'crude apple,' she hurt her teeth and sent us down toothache among other curses."

Douglas wandered away to the study where he ordinarily read with Azalea.

"Not here," he muttered, discontentedly; "I hate unpunctuality."

He sat down to a table near the window, where his own manuscripts were placed. He did a great deal of his work at Auriel now. The well-stored libraries afforded him greater facilities for study and reference than he could possibly find in his own limited collection of books; and the atmosphere of romance that haunted the old place was in itself a stimulus to imagination. The summer winds that blew through the open windows stirred into motion a thousand quaint fancies wrought in the faded hangings. Grotesque faces laughed and wept in perpetual shadow of brown oak carving. Lovely women trailed their draperies, and noble gentlemen clashed their swords through the dim corridors. There were also two children that belonged to the place—a little girl who sat in a picture near the door, and whose stiff bodice and formal sash were in odd contrast with her baby face and dimpled arms; and a boy, a truculent warrior, aged eight, whose brown hair tumbled in loving profusion over his fierce red coat, while his small fingers were clenched over a mimic weapon of death. Azalea used to dream, when she was a child, that the girl, who was all sash and dimples, and the boy, who was all curls and coat, slipped out of the frame while their parents slept, and danced minuets together in the dusky twilight. In dream-land, where the probable and impossible are so mysteriously fused, she was not troubled by the anachronism that the girl lived two centuries later than the boy; and, for matter of that, in ghostly realms the difference of a hundred years or so is not likely to disturb ghostly friendships. The spirit of the place breathed of dream-like mystery and gorgeous decay. "I am hundreds of years old," it whispered; "none but nobles with powdered hair bow in my saloons or talk stately sentiment to their mistresses on the grass-grown terraces. I am centuries old: do you not see it in my dusty china vases, transparent as a frail shell, and rarer than precious gems? in my ancient manuscripts, traced over by hands that were dust with the worms four generations ago? I am dying, but I am royal even while moribund; do not disturb the sanctity of my peace—do not unveil my fading features to the noisy scorn of modern life. Above all, let not any touch ruder than the wind clang the rusty shields which our forefathers made famous in Palestine."

As a rule, Douglas rejoiced to yield himself up to the thrall of fancies like these; but to-day he felt his mood to be one that jarred against the softness of the hour.

"I am getting to be a methodical old man, I suppose," he thought, half smiling, half vexed at his own incomprehensible irritation; "but the fact is, I am put out by not beginning the day in the usual manner. I shall go and look for that girl and get it over, and then I shall be settled in my mind."

That which was to be got over was a long philosophical dissertation, of which Azalea was bound to explain the substance, and to expatiate on the arguments to be deduced therefrom; this, and a lesson in Italian, constituted her task for to-day. As Douglas left the room in pursuance of his intention to seek Azalea, he saw the reflection, in an opposite mirror, of his long, ungainly figure surmounted by the square forehead shaded by a mass of gray hair.

"Who would have thought that I was ever rather a fine fellow?" he said, with a little touch of self-pity and contempt, as, shrinking away from the glass, he passed out at the porch. "I'll go to the garden."

The old garden had once been trimly kept; the peaches had glowed in sumptuous profusion on the walls. The dahlias had kept stately ward in the flower-beds, separated from the golden gravel paths by the several lines of the box border; but now the gravel was obscured by moss and long grasses. The stricken stems of the hollyhocks had, in many cases, fallen helplessly over their prescribed margin, and the crimson blossoms glowed through the soft green shadows of tall nettles; as for the wall-fruits, they were so concealed by the untrained exuberance of their foliage, that none but the quick-eyed birds knew where to discover and peck out the first tempting morsel that grew redly ripe in the sun. To-day the whole garden was sleeping in the slumbrous noon. The lilies drooped their fair heads in the hot drowsy air; the convolvuli relaxed their tenacious hold of the rose-trees, and trailed so languidly round the prisoned stems, that had not the red blossoms been inert and heavy with over-bloom they might have waved themselves free of their lithe enemies.

Douglas found Azalea under the plum-tree; but she, too, seemed infected by the atmospheric languor, for the plums were lying round her untouched; the misty bloom still veiling their sun-scorched sides, save where the bruise of their fall or the trace of a hungry wasp had broken the purple skins. Douglas paused for a moment, and looked at the picture before him—so full of deep repose—so lovely with soft-breathed peace. What was this restlessness within him? What was this trouble in his eyes as they dwell on the girl's fair face and gleaming hair?

She was leaning against the smooth trunk of the tree, gazing dreamily at the old crumbling wall opposite, as though her thoughts were wandering far away over its ivied summit, floating like the free ether beyond even the solitude of this lonely place. She was roused from her reverie by hearing Douglas step near her, and went toward him, blushing and smiling.

"Oh!" she said, "I had no idea it was so late, Mr. Robert. I should have been out to meet you had I known it was near your hour for coming."

Again Douglas felt irritated.

"Don't call me Mr. Robert," he said, testily.

"Well, then, Robert. Only it seems so impertinent for me to call you Robert—you who are—"

"So much older than yourself, I suppose you mean," he interrupted.

"Not only that, but so superior," Azalea answered, simply.

There was silence between them for a few moments; then Douglas spoke again:

"Have you learned the task I gave you yesterday?"

"Yes—no—that is to say, I don't quite know. I looked at it," she pleaded, apologetically, seeing a gleam of displeasure in his gray eyes.

"I never knew you negligent before," he said, harshly. "I will leave you now, and return to my own work."

He rose to go, and she followed him at a distance, meek-eyed, like a dog depressed by its master's rebuke. Presently she curled her little fingers round his arm.

"Please forgive me," she said, penitently. "I will study hard to-day."

Her touch seemed to thrill from his wrist to his very heart. He looked down on her, his eyes glorified by a light she had never seen in them before.

"I—I—of course I forgive you," he stammered; "but—"

Then he broke from her abruptly, and left her alone in the narrow path, wondering and confused.

"How very strange he is to-day," she thought. "But I must go back to the tree; for, after all, I forgot to pick up the plums for daddy's pudding."

Neither tutor nor pupil made much progress with their studies this afternoon. Douglas sat and looked at his manuscript, with his face shadowed by one hand; but the other fell listless by his side, and only a flickering sunbeam moved across the blank whiteness of his paper.

Azalea, crouching down on the window-seat, strove hard to fix her attention on the page before her; but the dahlias nodding in the long grasses outside, and the loud humming of the bluebottle on the pane, singing his own dirge in a spider's web, seemed to possess magnetic attractions for her eyes and ears. She gave a furtive glance at Douglas, to see if he were noting her inattention. He seemed unconscious even of her presence; so she turned her face to the window once more, and resigned herself to dreamy inertness of thought. It was so pleasant to her, the golden warmth of the noon. She liked to see the soft shadows creep up the lawn, and pass their cool veil over the hot languor of the roses. She reveled in the faint scents of ripe fruits and flowers which haunted the warm air.

"It should always be summer-time and afternoon," she said, softly; and Douglas started at the sound of her voice, as if it had been loud and imperative as a trumpet-call.

He did not speak, however, but followed her glance, and looked out at the sky until the gray clouds of night began to thicken in the north, and the sun glowed in long red flames beyond the western firs.

To her all the murmurous sounds, all the shifting phases of Nature, seemed to convey indistinct possibilities of happiness. Hope, vague but sweet as the wistful music of an Æolian harp, whispered in the wind-swayed boughs, and glistened in the golden drifts of clouds that were blown toward the west. To him the autumn evening was full of sadness and desolation. The chill aspect of the lake, covered with dreary-looking patches of weeds; the quick shadow of the wild-fowl gliding over its breast; the weird-like trouble of the darkening sky, filled him with ineffable depression. The shadow of a new despair seemed to be looming behind the shadow of the coming night. Like his companion, he would fain have arrested the progress of time at noontide; not because, like her, he reveled in the present, but because he dreaded the hours of the future. Presently Azalea broke the silence:

"What would you do if any one insulted you?" she asked, suddenly; and as she spoke a blush suffused her face, which seemed to Douglas to be only a part of the sunset glow which was streaming over her head. His eyes darkened at her question, and the pain of some old memory whitened his face to more than its usual pallor, as he answered, briefly,

"It depends on what description of insult it was."

"Supposing that it were a very great insult?" Azalea pursued, in a shy, low voice.

"I should probably revenge myself, and repent my revenge all my life," Douglas said, sadly. "But why need you ask such a question, Azalea?—you who are as secure from insult here as the lovely roses are from being plucked or the birds captured?"

"Oh, of course," Azalea answered, confusedly.

Once or twice she had thought she would tell of the marvelous spectacle she had seen in the lane; but the memory of that audacious soldier always checked the impending confidence. How could she confess to her father or her stern-faced tutor that she had been picked up and kissed by a young soldier, as carelessly as he might pluck a flower and wear it for an instant at his breast? How could she tell them that she was haunted by the memory of a pair of brown eyes, which she would like to meet again, if only to abash them with the glory of her indignation?

Douglas left Auriel earlier than usual to-night. His manner was abrupt and confused: and Azalea, scared by his unwonted sternness, felt something of her childish fear of him return as she looked at his moody face.

"I will do better to-morrow," she said, deprecatingly, when he bade her good-night.

"It does not matter," he answered, absently; and then he disappeared through the misty gloom of the avenue, and she went back to her father, and wondered a little with him what had made Mr. Douglas so cross to-day.

Meantime Douglas had paused once at the lower gate of the avenue, and looked round with a half-hope that the girl might be yet waving him an adieu. He could not see her; and the closed shutters of the sitting-room excluded from his eyes the solitary light that beamed in the vast and lonely house. The mist and the darkness closed over all, and Douglas hurried home with his heart filled with a bitter feeling, the nature of which he dared not analyze to himself. When he reached his little cottage he sat down in the darkness and solitude of his room, and buried his gaunt face in his hands.

"Oh!" he moaned, "surely, of all the bitter sufferings of my life this would be the sharpest!"

"I will not go there to-day; I will send an excuse," Douglas said to himself when he awoke the next morning.

On the previous night he had stifled the rising trouble in his mind by the sheer force of determination; but our clearest resolutions fade into helpless confusion under the softening influence of sleep; and in the first dawn of reawakened memory our sorrow strikes us quickly and keenly, with the surprise of a treacherous blow. A sort of sullen resentment succeeded the first flush of conscious pain.

"They do not want me excepting as a schoolmaster for her; and she has ceased to love to learn. I will not go."

Accordingly, when the hour approached in which he usually visited Auriel, he dispatched a note to Azalea announcing that he had engagements to-day which would prevent his leaving home. He felt a certain satisfaction in surmising that the old man and the girl would miss his companionship; and with this reflection he strove to calm the restless irritation which possessed him all the afternoon. In spite of the strenuous efforts he made to occupy his mind, he was continually haunted by the aspect of the scenes in which he usually passed these hours of the day. There was the old oak door of the library creaking heavily on its hinge; there was the Virginian creeper drooping down pink-tipped tendrils athwart the diamond-shaped window; there was the quick spider counterfeiting repose on the window-ledge until its buzzing prey came within reach of its long arms. The lights and shadows that were flying across the meadows opposite were playing now in those lonely chambers, where the silence was rarely disturbed save by the twitter of birds or the music of one gentle human voice, and where only one fair face made a living light in their dusky gloom.

At Auriel the day was lapsing with the softness of dreams. He could fancy he heard the old-fashioned clocks chiming away time in mellow tinkles that, reverberating through the long corridors, sounded like the soft knell of lament for the vanishing hours. He tried only to image to himself non-sentient objects. He tried to limit his sight to the grotesque faces on the tapestry hangings—to shut his ear to all but the low whistle of the bird and the rush of the wind; but, despite his every effort to compel his thoughts into a prescribed groove, Azalea's hair would gleam in the dusky shadows of those familiar chambers—Azalea's voice would ripple in the summer wind that blew through the window, and her fingers seemed to dimple all over the pages of the book he was reading. He closed the volume impatiently, and walked up and down the room. The low ceilings and narrow space oppressed him with a sense of restraint. He would have liked to thrust the walls asunder with his strong arms, and to trample away the boards under his feet. He passed into the little garden, and vented his restlessness in hurried pacings to and fro on the narrow slip of gravel. He looked up once, and saw the red gables of Auriel shining in the evening sun. Turning abruptly in another direction, he walked away down the fields, and never stopped until he reached a small town about eight miles distant, where he sometimes called for letters at the post-office.

There was none for him to-night; indeed, it was very seldom that the seclusion of Douglas's life was intruded on by any communication from the outside world.

He received and read those echoes of the world's hourly life, the newspapers, but like a limpet that clings to its rock, cold and impassive amidst the whirl of waters and the thunderous confusion of storms, he, in the dead calm of his self-immolated existence, heard without feeling the surge of the outside current.

He did not care to glance at his papers to-night. The records of party clamor, of rumored war, of the black lists of scandal and crime, would not accord well with the quiet peace of this remote country village, steeped as it was in the serene splendor of sunset. A few shiny-headed babies played outside the cottages, the opened doors of which revealed occasional glimpses of calm phases of domestic life. Here a woman, with her head bent over her needlework—there an old man, watching the united gambols of a child and a puppy tumbling together over his crutches. Douglas looked wistfully at the faint twinkling lights that were beginning to glimmer in some of the windows. There was "home" for every one but himself, he thought. He saw a day-laborer slouching toward one of these lowly homesteads; and the whilom Sybarite and dilettante grudged the wearied hind the rough but cordial greeting that welcomed him to the little dark, close room, of which the most costly ornaments were a solemn-looking white-faced clock, and one of those large imitation japan tea-trays, which occupy in cottages a position ordinarily assumed by family portraits in loftier mansions, *i. e.*, the place of honor over the chimney-piece.

A fat, unwashed-looking baby contrived with great difficulty to raise the garden latch with the tips of her round fingers, and then ran crowing with delight to the new-comer, who, tired as he seemed, was not too weary to toss the chuckling dimpled burden on to his shoulder. A brown-faced gaunt woman was busying herself within over a (luxury of luxuries, only to be indulged in during the fatigues of harvest time) hot supper, consisting of boiled potatoes and a piece of fat bacon. A bigger girl sat at the door, hemming a school sampler. A boy of eight was looking meditatively at the circles his heels described in the dust; an inward trouble caused him to be restless; he was making desperate efforts to learn his Catechism, impelled thereto by the recollection that the vicar's annual school-feast was approaching, and that buns were only for little boys who could give their orthodoxy fluent expression. He asked himself glibly what his name was, and answered with equal readiness as to his godfathers and godmothers having given him the patronymic of Joey Summers. But after that all was chaos, or rather marbles. Some disreputable little heathens, who under no circumstances could ever experience the blessings of buns and conversion, were playing marbles under the village oak. The student, gazing at the rolling pebbles with hungry longing in his eyes, felt each article of his faith was blurred out by an illicit desire to join the game of taw.

Douglas, walking swiftly down the wide lane called by courtesy a street, noticed every detail of this homely scene. He felt as a famished bird might that soars over in its flight heaps of golden grain, showered down for the use of domesticated fowls.

That squalid cottage was filled with loveliness for the tired workman. The house might be small and dark, the chambers closely packed as cells in a bee-hive, but *there* was refuge from burning suns and biting winds. There was the tendance of hands, rough, it is true, but made gentle by love. There was the sweet human pride of paternity, and that sense of comfort in fellowship, which is in such strange contrast with the solitude of the vast, dark high-road we are compelled one day to traverse alone.

The shadow of a rare and undefinable pathos filled Douglas's eyes as he turned his back on the picture of life's fruition, and walked in the direction of his silent, desolate abode.

How was it that the name he had striven to repel from his memory all day leaped to his lips simultaneously with the sigh he breathed for unattainable social joys?

"Azalea," he murmured, softly; and as his ears heard what his heart had uttered his pale cheeks flushed and his head drooped lower on his breast. He walked quickly on, as though his hasty footsteps could stamp out the fire that was smouldering in his mind; passed by the cottage windows, twinkling like multitudes of rubies in the sun; passed the faded sign of the village inn—an anchor painted on a board which had been rifted in two by accidents of time and weather. In a little while the sign wavered in darkness; the windows reflected inward instead of outward light; the doors were all closed; and the peace of night deepened over the quiet town and over the fields through the shadows of which Douglas's tall figure passed a darker moving gloom. He thought with repugnance of his gray-walled cottage standing low in the green glooms of the Auriel lane. He pictured to himself the sullen sky darkening above its brown thatch, the dew-wet roses—their red glow obscured by the dusk—nodding round the small casement. For the first time for three years the dense peace of his life seemed distasteful to him. He felt a wild desire to stand on rugged declivities, to catch the mad foam of the torrent in his hands, to breathe stormy airs that whirl round the misty summits of snow hills.

There was a strange tumult in his heart which accorded ill with the dull still atmosphere that surrounded him. His thoughts reverted at intervals to the wild freedom of his old life; he fancied that he would be more at ease if he were overpowered by fatigue, or menaced by danger, than he was in the calm security of these civilized solitudes.

He brushed the dew off the woodbine, and trod the trailing bramble under foot in his hasty transit through the fields. In his restlessness he walked as quickly as if one who loved him awaited his return; but when he neared his cottage-door his steps slackened, and he paused at the garden-gate, half dreading to encounter the dark loneliness ot his small sitting-room.

There are times when existence is as a shroud which swathes one who yet lives and rebels feebly against the horror which oppresses him. On this night Douglas felt life to be all clouds; the myriad worlds that sparkled above conveyed to him no sense of immensity. He passed through the vast fresh air on his way to a vault fashioned by himself. He had been desolate, but free. Now he was desolate, but in bonds.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"HOW DO I LOOK, DEAR?"

The time was evening, the place the Misses Orme's dressing-room at Orme Castle. It was the night of the ball, and all the preparations for the forthcoming entertainment were completed, with the exception of Rosa and Amelia's toilets. At this moment Rosa was in the grub stage—her hair twisted tight in an ungainly bundle at the top of her head, and her face buried in the folds of a soft towel; for, "On nights like these," as Amelia said, solemnly, "friction must not be applied to noses prone to shine." Amelia was developed into the butterfly: her hair was frizzed in golden profusion over her forehead; fresh shining draperies flowed about her. Her ornaments were pearls; her lips were red and her shoulders white. Altogether she was a charming picture of studied innocence.

"*I'm* done," she announced, triumphantly. Then, in a solemn tone, she put the question that heads this chapter.

"I'll look directly," came in a stifled voice from behind the towel; and in the interim Amelia advanced and receded before the mirror with a look of affectionate admiration at the image reflected there.

"Come into the light," Rosa said, when the face-drying was completed.

Amelia obeyed meekly.

"Um, pretty well; but a little *too much pig with one ear*, you know;" with a significant glance at one rosy cheek.

It was a point of honor that the sisters should speak the truth to each other on these occasions, however unpleasant it might be to hear or to utter.

Amelia looked at herself again. "You're quite right," she said, in a tone of deep conviction. "I shall put a little more on the left side."

"'Two wrongs make a right,' as the horse-couper said when he put a bean in his horse's sound foot," quoted Rosa, pertly.

"Where did you pick up that stable slang?" Miss Orme said, disdainfully.

"From papa. But do go away, Amelia; you are taking up all the glass; and I shall never be ready in time."

"People always think so if they see other people dressed first," Miss Orme observed, phlegmatically. "I shall go and see if Lady Diana is ready. She has had a box down from town; but," she added, with emphasis, "one comfort is, do what she will, she can't make herself look eighteen."

"Come back," called Rosa, "before I go down, and tell me if there is too much powder on my nose. Candle-light can not be trusted."

Amelia promised assent, but she did not keep faith; for on reaching the one sitting-room which had been left comfortable in the general exodus of furniture she found Captain Mowbray seated in an easy-chair, deep in the perusal of Ruff's *Autumn Guide to the Turf*.

"I called to see your father about a horse," he explained, in answer to Miss Orme's pleased look of surprise. "He asked me to dine with him in his library, and to send into Brighton for my dress clothes. I hope I shall not be in your way here."

"Oh no!" Amelia said. Then she wondered what o'clock it might be, and where papa was; and, in fact, indulged in all the little meaningless speeches and movements which are apt to characterize the manner of a very young lady when in the society of the man she prefers.

Meanwhile Lady Diana Merton, who was a visitor at the house, and who had managed to locate herself in the most comfortable suit of rooms it possessed, was seated in an upper chamber, looking out of her window, which commanded a fine view of the sun-flushed down and the quivering ridge of far-off sea.

Make herself eighteen she certainly could not. Almost the only triumph beauty can not accomplish is the reversal of Time's hour-glass. But who that looked on Lady Di now would have wished that the golden sands had marked an hour less in her life? To the mellow flush of a peach in that warmest, ripest moment ere it drops to earth—to the rich fragrance of the gardenia blossom as it expands in the heat of noon—to the last ten minutes of a fast run to hounds (but this simile is not poetical)—to aught else that is emblematical of perfection her mature loveliness might aptly be likened. Her skin was as fair, her tresses as luxuriant, as ever; her lovely gray eyes were not a whit less full of sweet content than when they first gazed with lazy satisfaction on the enchainment of Thurstan Mowbray. With a figure even more luxuriously beautiful than heretofore; with lips yet red and full, and chin still round and dimpled, you will not be surprised to hear that Lady Diana was as charming, as malific, and as unprincipled as she had ever been. She was not a woman to resign her unholy power of charming until the power itself failed her. Then she would have wit enough to discern her failure and retire from the arena where she was not strong enough to conquer. She thought it a great pity that she should ever grow old. She deplored the inevitable necessity, but she meant to bow her head gracefully to the blight of Time; and so soon as she found that men ceased to love, and women to hate her, it was her intention to become devout and build a church, if possible; or, if that was too expensive, at least put up a memorial window in one. Meantime there was no need yet to design the plan of the place of worship nor choose the subjects for the stained glass, so she ate, drank, and was as merry as it was in her shallow, yet unquiet, fervid nature to be. She was not yet in full dress, for she liked to be perfectly comfortable as long as possible, so she sat enwrapped in the folds of a gray-tinted Cashmere dressing-gown, sipping a cup of tea and turning over the leaves of a novel until such time as the sound of carriage-wheels should warn her of approaching guests. Novels did not amuse her very much, she thought, as she put down this one gently, and took to stroking her spaniel's ears; she could recall infinitely more romantic incidents in her own career than those ordinarily recorded in fiction. She had known greater sorrow of heart represented by a few commonplace words than ever was expressed in the most elaborate descriptions of fabled grief. She had caught glimpses of direr tragedies in the dramas of life than any that have darkened the pages of a three-volume novel—darker and more terrible because the guilt was real and the pain veritable. Of all human passions that of love seemed to her most inadequately delineated in books. That of which she read sounded but as a very feeble echo of what she had herself heard wrung from the pain of living hearts. She whose name had been a joy and a rapture, a wail and a curse of the lips of men—she who had heard it breathed in every imaginable cadence of emotion, from the low murmur of hinted tenderness to the short, quick utterance of wounded passion—she who had seen faces pale and flush at her words, had turned the wise into fools, and had exalted weak natures by the strength of the sentiment she was able to inspire—was it no wonder she felt the ordinary platitudes printed on the subject very insufficiently described a passion which is at once the strength and the weakness, the glory and disgrace, of man's mutable nature?

Lady Diana was aroused from her contemplation of the spaniel's glossy head by the sound of two voices outside the window; one was that of Amelia Orme, and Lady Di at once understood that Miss Orme's companion was not of her own sex.

"So Amelia has a flirtation on hand," mused Lady Di. "I wonder why it is that girls get so full of affectation on these occasions. Why do they giggle when there's nothing to laugh at, and make up a strange voice when their own would answer the purpose equally well?"

Lady Diana arose and leaned out of the window.

"I might as well have a look at him," she thought; "if I find I do not admire him very much I'll respect the laws of hospitality and not disturb Amelia's sport."

"Let me disengage this for you," Captain Mowbray said, in a low, tender voice to Miss Orme, referring to a stray blossom of over-hanging clematis, which had become entangled in her fluffy braids. The clematis grew directly under Lady Diana's window, and Thurstan was lingering rather longer than was necessary over his task when he accidentally looked up, and saw a woman's head and shoulders—a lovely living picture in a frame-work of dull red bricks and rippling ivy leaves.

The sunset flushed the fair face and warm-colored masses of hair with mellow glory; the soft gray tints of the wrapper folded over her bosom, and the dark crimson rose which nestled behind one ear, completed the perfection of coloring which Titian would have exulted to immortalize. As Captain Mowbray caught sight of the serene, downcast face, Miss Orme gave an exclamation of pain and anger.

"Really, Captain Mowbray, you hurt me very much. You've torn out quite a big lock," putting her hand to the disarranged braid.

"I beg a thousand pardons. I am so grieved at my stupidity," he murmured in a low voice. Then he looked up at the window and took off his hat. "I am so delighted to see you again, Lady Diana," he said aloud. "If you are not already hampered by engagements, may I hope for the honor of the second valse with you?"

Lady Diana smiled pleasantly.

"I never dance now. It is the nature of young things to frisk about: young kids, young lambs, young kittens, and young girls may do so with propriety; but at my age one should be a spectator, not a participator in spring-tide gambols."

But in her heart Lady Diana thought that her old pupil had made considerable progress since their last meeting, when he allowed her, as he said, "To get a rise out of him."

"The second valse, indeed!" she muttered, as she retreated to her toilet-table. "Fancy any one's looking at me and asking me to be second in any thing!"

His self-possession annoyed her more than she cared to acknowledge to herself. He was handsomer than ever, she thought—much too handsome for that pasty-faced chit, Amelia.

"Why do young girls always wear white dresses?" she said, looking spitefully at Miss Orme's retreating figure. "These emblems of virginity always develop red elbows so forcibly." Then she sat down to her writing-desk and took out a little volume bound in blue velvet and guarded by a Bramah lock.

"There is still an hour to spare," she thought, "before the company will arrive. I will add a few axioms to my book of moral reflections."

PART I.—LADY DIANA MERTON'S MORAL REFLECTIONS.

Never write compromising letters to a married man. Sooner or later they will fall into the hands of the inevitable wife. Perhaps he leaves them in his coat pocket, and from the time of that domestic *esclandre* in the house of the Captain of King Pharaoh's guard to the present date much mischief has arisen from the shifting of a coat.

It would be better to avoid lovers with legal encumbrances altogether. It is a pity, too; for there are some charming Benedicks whose only fault is that they *are* Benedicks. Be wary with those whose wives also "Live in Arcadia." The wife who is (there are no *has beens* in this case, "once a coquette always a coquette") a flirt, brings all the advantages of finished experience to assist her in detecting the clumsy manœuvres of her spouse.

Supposing you evade the dangers of correspondence, there are many other perils to be considered with reference to this "twy-natured" class. Generally the husband is the person least considered in his household; will he not some day, when over-oppressed by the inferiority of his position, reassert his dignity at your expense? Will he not drop dark hints of some one who knows how to appreciate him, and ostentatiously show the new locket at his watch-chain, or simper at the mention of your name? Some poor weak fools there are who do these things *once*, and, like other enslaved races, fall the lower after their futile attempt at rebellion.

Then there is the good and conscientious man, whose virtue increases as his feet grow weary of treading the forbidden path. With a burst of moral sentiment, he will suddenly confess all to his wife; together they anathematize the snare, and weep over the snared. He adds treachery and cowardice to his former vice, and imagines that the abnegation of the sin he has ceased to desire is an evidence of sincere penitence. This is the most despicable of all the species.

If you have a heart, give it not to a married man, nor in any way make yourself uncomfortable for his sake. Sooner or later he *must* and *will* resign you for his wife. Habit and the law give her an unassailable vantage-ground. The horse that escapes to the pasture, and kicks up his heels many times with exceeding great joy in his fictitious freedom, will return meekly to his stall at the feeding-hour. And the married man (whatever he may swear in the delight of a novel wickedness) will always return to the bourne where his easy-chair, his slippers, his daily occupations, the mistress of his house, and the mother of his children await him. This reflection has a decided moral tendency. Wives, be patient with your husbands. Should he make a slight deviation from the paths of conjugality, you will be able to, in sporting parlance, "make a good thing out of it." He will tire of his new love as certainly as he has tired of you; and you have in your favor nine points of the law.

Trust no woman. Nor men either, if you can help it. I have sometimes wished in my heart that all men were dumb, and unable to write their own name—much less mine. They seldom say any thing worth remembering. There is a dreadful sameness about their protestations. Their caligraphic efforts are rarely of sufficient importance to art to atone for their terrible carelessness about blotting-paper. Blotting-paper and ladies'-maids are the support of the Divorce Court.

Your unmarried men are, as a rule, to be moderately trusted—unless, indeed, they are prone to habits of intemperance. You must not object to their pulling up their shirt-collars uneasily when you are mentioned, or to their blushing when they meet you, or to their indiscreet and violent defense of you to your spiteful rival. These are the follies of youth, and although they betray the boy's feelings they do not necessarily imply your complicity.

My reflections in this place chiefly concern the bigger and stupider sex. In another part of my note-book will be found a few observations on the wilier half of humankind.

PART II.—GENERAL AXIOMS.

Our greatest misery generally arises from our overrating ourselves. We get dreadful hurts through our vanity, and think it is our hearts that suffer. I appreciate myself (no woman succeeds who does not), but I am rarely blinded by my self-esteem. I know when my nose is red, or when I am otherwise looking plain. Then I conceal myself from the view of mankind. Some women are less modest, and are consequently less successful.

If you have genius, conceal it as you would a gray hair, or hide it, as Brutus did, under the appearance of idiotcy.

Tact is the supremest weapon in the hands of a woman. It is the fine tool that rivets the chains of beauty.

At the first short letter your lover writes you, dismiss him. No man who loves has ever need to excuse a neglect to his mistress.

Let not your lover feel that he had ever made a sacrifice (even of a cigar) to you. Promote his comfort in small matters, partly because it is Christianlike to afford some compensation for the torment you inflict on him, chiefly because his attention should never be distracted from you by little worries.

Never forget that men's vanity is greater than their hearts. They will forgive a wound to the latter sooner than an insult to the former.

Never love at all where you wish to be loved greatly.

As no one is abused save to a willing listener, the friend who tells you she has heard you calumniated must be ranked with the calumniator.

Listen to nothing your friend wishes to tell you for "your own good," and because it is "her duty;" it will assuredly be something unpleasant.

An Englishman will trust his friend with his mistress sooner than with his horse.

No fire is so difficult to rekindle as one where the ashes are already burned black. But every man has his price, and can be reached either through his vanity, his intellect, or his passions.

It will be understood that the concluding portion of Lady Diana's MS. was written after the little episode at the window.

When her toilet was completed she looked at herself in the mirror with mingled admiration and regret. The admiration was for herself, the regret for some one unknown. It may be premised that he was of the masculine gender, for her maid heard her murmur something which sounded like "Poor fellow!"

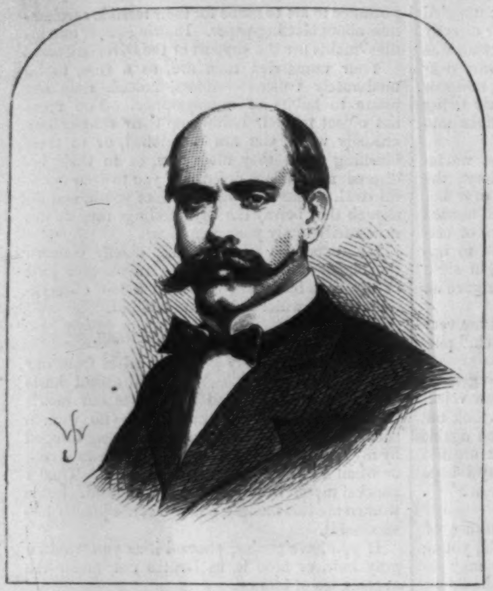
ARTESIAN FISHES.

We have all heard of Artesian wells, but a wonderful novelty is now announced in Algeria in the shape of Artesian fisheries. A well lately sunk at Ain Sala to the depth of forty-four metres threw up not only a large body of water, but, to the great surprise of the engineers, an innumerable quantity of small fish. These subterraneous vertebræ are described as being on an average half an inch in length, and resembling whitebait both in appearance and taste. The female is distinguished from the male by the presence of dark-colored stripes on the upper part of the body. From the fact of the sand extracted from these wells being identical with that which forms the bed of the Nile it is concluded that an underground communication must exist between them and that river.

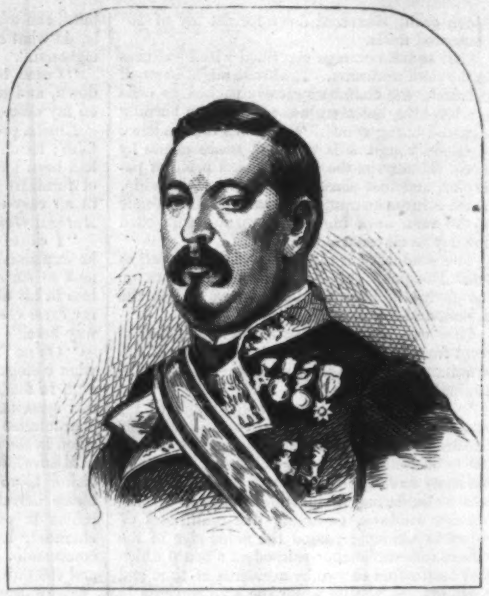
TRANSPLANTING TREES.

In European cities, and especially in Paris, the success attending the removal of large trees of all kinds desirable for shade and ornamental purposes was long ago settled beyond all question. Instead of setting out pipe-stems and waiting two generations for them to grow into appreciable dimensions, go to the forest and select whatever sort of tree may be desirable.

Autumn and winter are the best time for their removal. First of all take the bearings of the tree with a true compass. Then dig entirely round it, the centre of the circle being the trunk, and the circle itself being ten, fifteen, or twenty feet in diameter, so as to be quite beyond all the essential roots. Cut the trench full two feet deep—at any rate, below the frost. With long levers raise the mass, supporting the tree perpendicularly by ropes in the hands of assistants, and, finally, slide it on to a drag or a broad, strong sled. Horses or oxen may then transport the load to where a hole has been dug to receive it, the exact facing of the tree in regard to points of compass as before being observed. It will thrive precisely as it did in its primitive locality, without the least indication of having been any way injured by the voyage. A full park might as readily be thus created in a week as in half a century. Our Central Park has been thus improved; and the Champ de Mars, at Paris, was thus transformed into a grove for the Exposition in a few weeks.



EMILIO CASTELLAR.



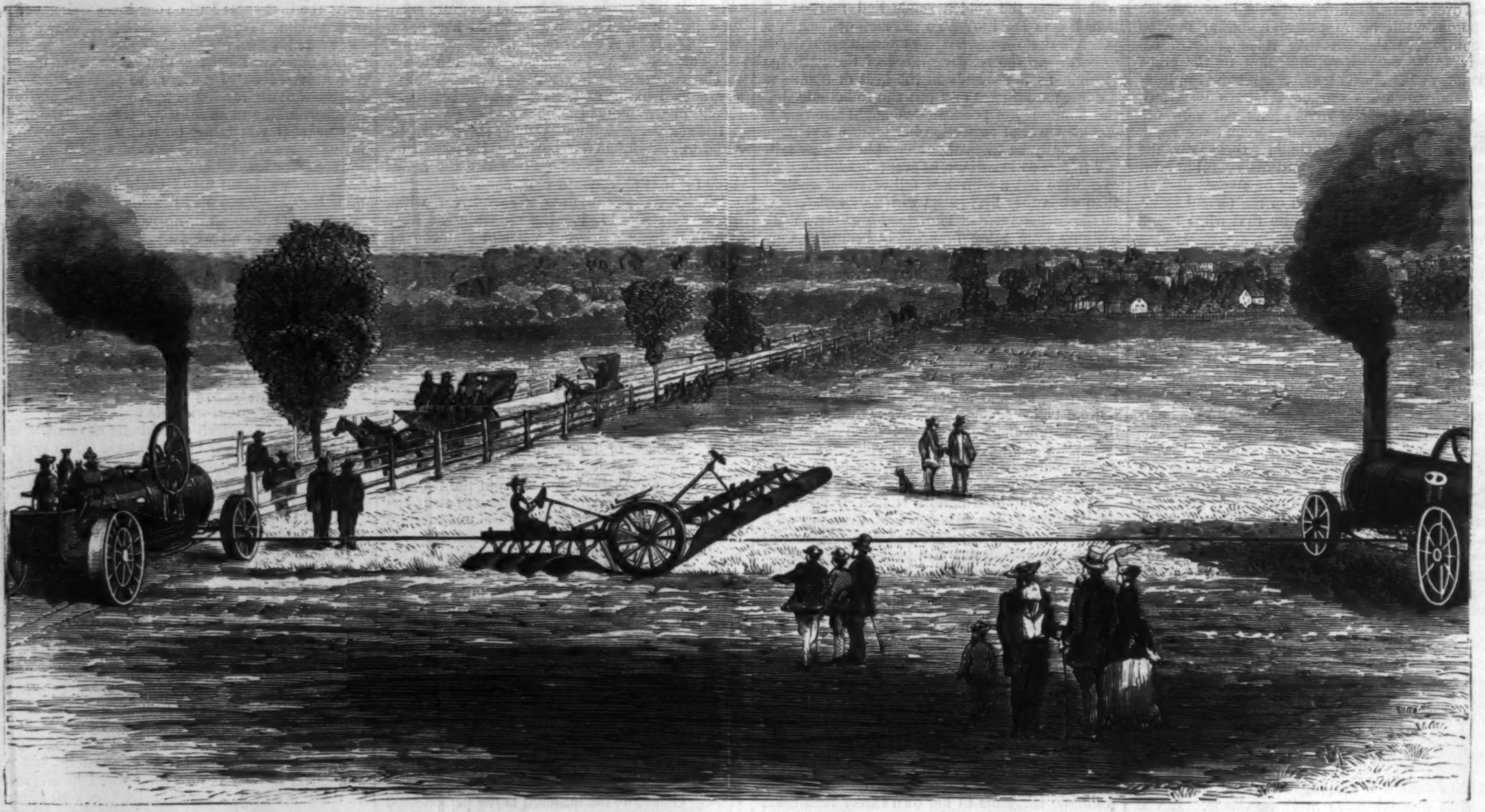
COUNT VALMASEDA.

CUBA.

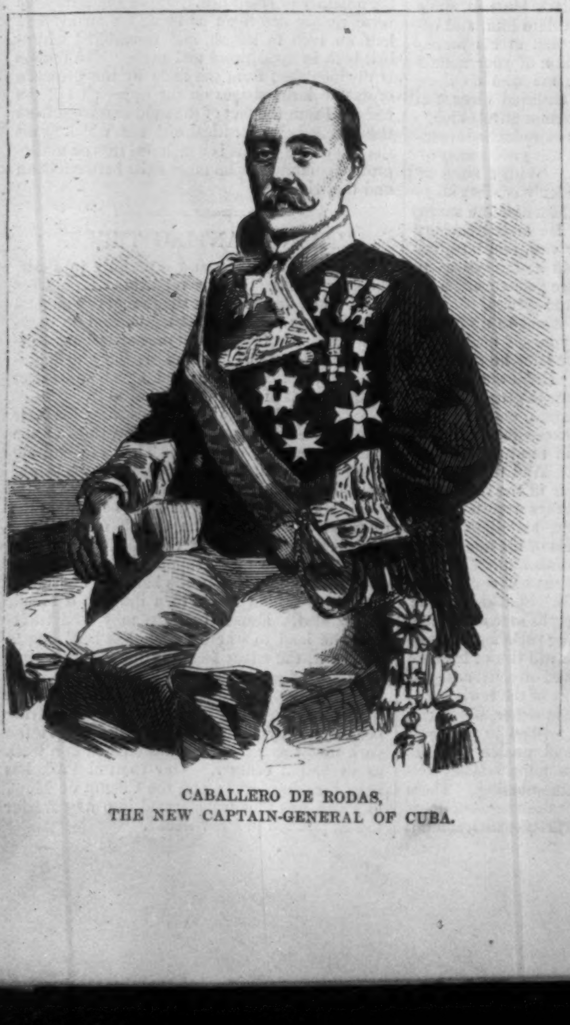
The new Captain-General of Cuba, **Caballero de Rodas**, has commenced his administration with great vigor. Fortunately for him, he has had no serious conflict with the Volunteers. He has commenced operations against the insurgents, who will find him a more wary and energetic foe than his predecessor. He has also issued a proclamation closing all the ports on the east end of the island, except Sagua, Caibarien, Nuevitas, Gibara, Baracoa, Guantanamo, Santiago de Cuba, Manzanilla, Santa Cruz, Sasa, Trinidad, and Cienfuegos. Vessels and their crews, if armed, engaged in transporting filibusters to Cuba, are declared pirates. Spanish cruisers on the high seas are instructed, in boarding vessels, to observe all the restrictions as to the right of search contained in the treaties of Spain with the United States and Great Britain.

Count **Valmaseda**, the Spanish General commanding in the Bayamo District, and also known as "The Butcher," on account of his cruel proclamation issued in the spring, has recently distinguished himself by the capture of a rebel intrenched camp at Sagua, containing a powder-mill and a quantity of war material, being, in fact, a complete arsenal.

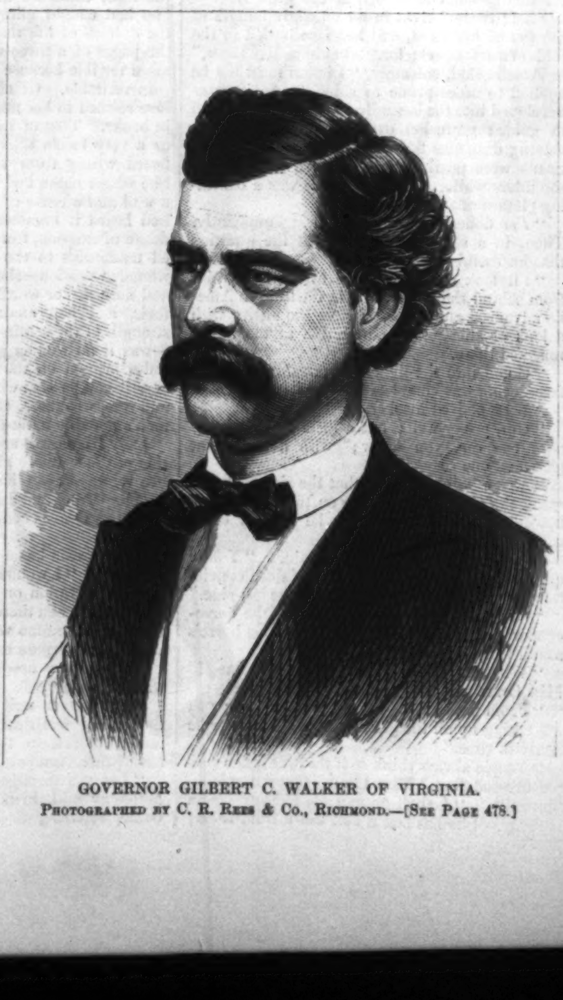
Count **Valmaseda** first came prominently before the Spanish public in the year 1854, when, having reached the rank of Chief of Staff, he offered his services to the Liberal party, who had risen in arms. He reached the field of the battle of Vicalvaro when the strife was at its height; but was wounded by a discharge of grape before he could incorporate himself with the Liberal army. He was discovered by his friends upon the field the same night which closed the battle, and was hidden in the town until he could be secretly conveyed to the house of one of the embassadors in Madrid, where he lay for a long time in so precarious a state that his life was despaired of. After several dangerous operations for the extraction of the metal from the wounds in his head, he finally recovered, to find the revolution triumphant and himself named to the command of a regiment of foot. At the commencement of the war with Morocco he was ordered to Africa with his regiment, to form part of the division of General **Echague**, who opened the campaign in 1859. He is said to have distinguished himself on many occasions, and particularly by the cool and able manner in which he manœuvred his regiment in a dangerous position at the storming of the Seraglio. He won the reputation during the war of a rough, frank soldier, who in camp merged all distinction of rank and mingled freely with his men, and in the field always led his regiment on foot and shared the danger and hardships of the commonest soldier, while, at the same time, he maintained such strict discipline as made his command a model for the army. He returned to Spain in command of a brigade, and was some years later proposed to the Queen, by **O'Donnell**, under whose eye he had fought, for the rank of Field-Marshal, and was also (in 1866) appointed to an important post, of which he was deprived by a change of ministry the following year. He then retired with his family to the town of Zamora, where he remained until sent, with a number of other prominent generals, under an order of banishment to the Canary Islands. After a residence of a few months he was recalled by the revolution of Cadiz in September last, and arrived in time to receive from General **Serrano** a command at the battle of Alcolea, which decided the fate of Queen **Isabella**. He was further promoted by the Provisional Government, and made Director of Artillery and Captain-General of New Castile. His deeds in Cadiz, Seville, and Malaga, in the suppression of Republicans who rose in arms against the abuses of those they had put in power as they had previously risen against the Queen, speak little for his liberalism or that of his party. He was deputy to the Cortes from Zamora when he received his appointment to Cuba. He is a man of low stature, somewhat advanced in life, and has the reputation, among those who know him, of possessing an indomitable will and great energy; and he is unscrupulous in carrying out what he conceives to be his duty. He arrived in Cuba at a time when his abilities were put to the severest test, and when he could only gain the approval and support of his countrymen by sanctioning an indiscriminate slaughter that made him



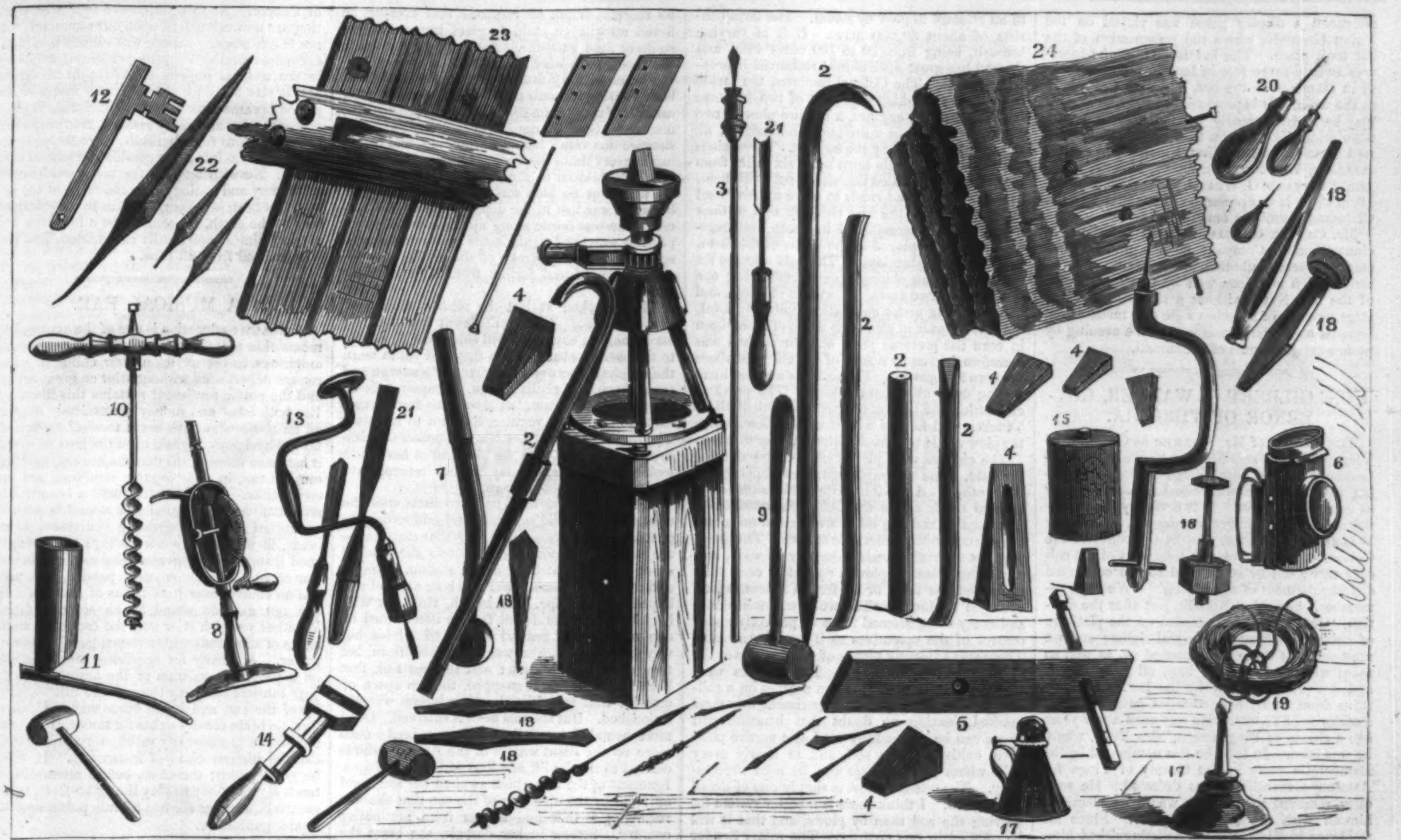
STEAM PLOW ON THE FARM OF COLONEL W. C. PATTERSON, NEW JERSEY.—[See Page 478.]



CABALLERO DE RODAS,
THE NEW CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF CUBA.



GOVERNOR GILBERT C. WALKER OF VIRGINIA.
Photographed by C. R. Rees & Co., Richmond.—[See Page 478.]



1. Jack-Screw.—2. Jimmy.—3. Patent Drill.—4. Steel Wedges.—5. Brace.—6 Dark Lantern.—7. Lever.—8. Breast Drill.—9. Sledges.—10. Auger.—11. Powder-Blower.—12. Skeleton Key.—13. Drill.—14 Screw Wrench.—15. Powder Canister.—16. Bolt.—17. Lamps.—18. Drills.—19. Fuse.—20. Awls.—21. Chisels.—22. Files.

BURGLARS' IMPLEMENTS USED IN THE OCEAN BANK ROBBERY, NEW YORK CITY.—[See Page 478.]

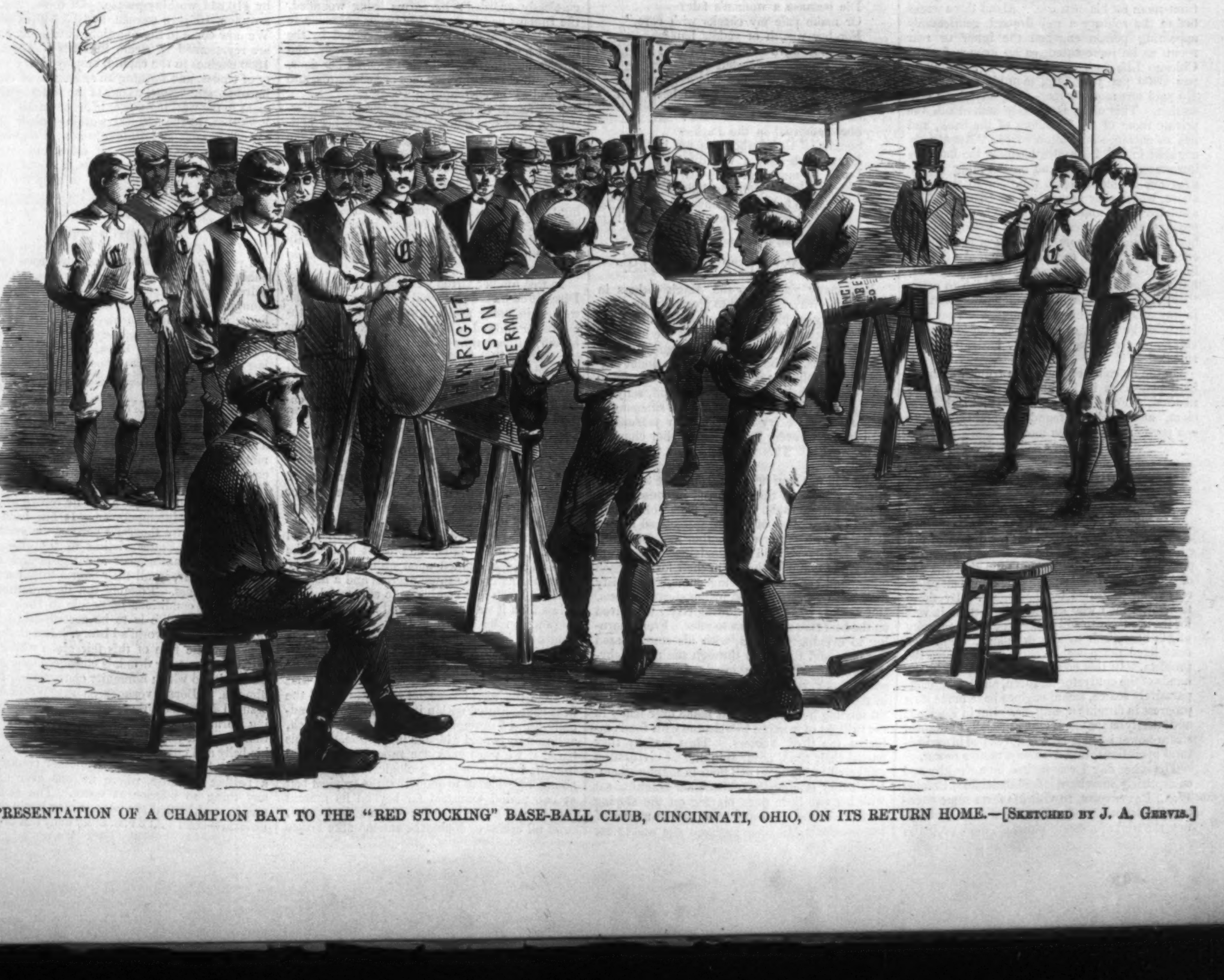
execrable to the whole world. The bare fact of such a man being appointed at such a time shows very clearly that the only liberalism Cuba can expect from Spain is the liberalism of the sword.

During the short interregnum since the rising of Cadiz, in September last, until the election of the present Regent, for the first time in three hundred years the voice of truth could be raised in Spain without being silenced by the garrote or the Inquisition, and it has poured forth from the mouth of Emilio Castellar—the great Republican leader and the champion of right and justice against theocracy and aristocracy—in tones so forcible and impassioned as to unsettle the very foundation of the things that were, and stamp him one of the greatest orators of the present day. In the late debate in the Spanish Cortes upon the Cuban question he made a brilliant speech in her defense, from which an idea may be formed of his principles. He stated that he followed only the dictates of his own conscience, because he believed that its dictates were those of justice: that he did not hold two opinions, but that all that he spoke in private he dared to maintain in public before the whole world; and that Cuba had suffered great injustice at the hands of Spain, after having been deceived with false promises year after year since 1837, when her deputies were refused admittance to the Cortes and sent away unheard. She had been invited again to send representatives to place their grievances before the government, and after having done so, had again been put off with false promises; and the only answer to their just claims was to impose upon them a new and odious contribution. He maintained that the rebellion was not the work of a day nor a year, but the final result of years of error and flagrant injustice; that in the nineteenth century a people could no longer be kept under the receiver of that great air-pump called Despotism; that it was no longer possible to maintain Cuba and Porto Rico like two great blots on the broad field of Democracy that covered all America; that it was difficult for a people to govern itself, but impossible for one people to govern another people; and that nothing but liberty and a government like that of Canada could preserve her colonies to Spain.

THE "RED STOCKINGS" AT HOME.

We give on this page an illustration of the presentation of the champion bat to the "Red Stocking" Base-Ball Club on its return to Cincinnati, July 1.

Upon its arrival at the dépôt the Club was received and escorted through the streets by the citizens, who gave it a perfect ovation. In the



PRESENTATION OF A CHAMPION BAT TO THE "RED STOCKING" BASE-BALL CLUB, CINCINNATI, OHIO, ON ITS RETURN HOME.—[Sketched by J. A. Gervis.]

afternoon a display game was played on the Union Grounds, where the presentation of the bat took place. The bat is of ash, and measures twenty-seven feet in length, nineteen inches in diameter at the but, and nine and a half at the wrist. It is proportioned like the regular play-bat. Handsomely painted upon it is the inscription, "Champion Bat, 1869. To Cincinnati Base-Ball Club, First Nine—H. Wright, Allison, Waterman, Sweasy, M'Vey, Fowler, Brainard, G. Wright, Leonard, Gould, Hurley." It was presented by the Club and the Cincinnati Lumber Company.

Mr. Carter Gazlay, Secretary of the Cincinnati Lumber Company, made a graceful presentation speech, alluding to the twenty-one victories which had been won by the "gentlemen of the first Nine" without a single defeat. A large number of speeches were also made at the banquet at the Gibson House in the evening by prominent gentlemen of Cincinnati.

HON. GILBERT C. WALKER, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

The election of Mr. Walker as Governor of Virginia is very significant. It is a victory for General Grant's administration, the result being in consonance with the President's policy as to reconstruction. It is a victory for impartial suffrage and universal amnesty. Governor Walker is pledged to support the policy of the Government as regards the treatment of the colored race; but he is opposed to the continued disfranchisement of the whites. "We must remember," he said at Norfolk, just after the election, "that we have succeeded on the platform of universal suffrage and equal rights; and we must see that those who opposed us, as well as those who supported us, have all their rights, and are protected fully by the law." The returns from eighty-four counties gave Walker a majority of 23,000. He was until a few years ago a citizen of Binghamton, New York, where he was born. In 1856 he was nominated by the Democratic party in the County of Tioga for Attorney-General, but was defeated. He soon after removed to Chicago, where he identified himself with the Douglas party. Since his residence in Virginia he has distinguished himself as an able financier. He is known as a man of sterling integrity.

BURGLARS' IMPLEMENTS.

One of our illustrations on page 477 shows the burglars' implements discovered in the Ocean Bank of this city after the robbery of June 27. The tools used were of every conceivable kind and of the best quality, consisting of over 400 pieces. The burglars remained in the bank from Saturday night until Monday morning, working at their leisure. They entered from the basement. The basement of the bank was formerly one room, and was occupied by the Globe Insurance Company. William Okell subsequently rented it for an exchange office, and subdivided it into three apartments as shown in the diagram. The middle and rear apartments he offered for rent, reserving the front-room for his own use. About three weeks before the robbery a well-dressed, gentlemanly appearing person engaged the inner or rear room, as he represented, as an agency for the Chicago Life Insurance Company, agreeing to pay $600 per year rent, monthly in advance. He paid one month's rent, $50, on taking possession. This office is directly underneath the private room of the President of the bank, and has an entrance on Fulton Street. Apparently engaged in the Insurance business the burglars introduced their tools, and on the night of the 27th cut a hole through the floor to the bank above, where they secured about $1,000,000 in available funds and securities. They were also prepared to encounter opposition, having several bowie-knives, revolvers, two pairs of steel hand-cuffs, a coil of rope, cartridges, etc. And in the line of disguises they were equally well prepared, having every thing at hand with which to array themselves as gentlemen, as 'longshoremen, or in any other of a dozen characters. They also left behind a supply of provisions, choice liquors, cigars, etc., showing that their larder was well supplied.

On the morning of June 30 a trunk was found by a policeman in Elizabeth Street, which was marked, "For Captain Jourdan, Sixth Precinct," and which was found to contain $268,021—a portion of the stolen money.

CORRESPONDENCE.

STEAM CULTIVATION.

For many years it has been the dream of the enthusiast that steam might become the motive power in cultivating the land, and that the car of Agriculture would only make permanent progress when propelled by that agent. By those thoughtful men who saw how important it was for the producer to add to the productive capacity of his heavy soil by deeper tillage, steam was considered the power to satisfactorily solve the problem. In this country, where capital in the hands of the cultivator has been, and is yet, comparatively scarce, steam-engines have made slow progress in farming operations. But in England, and latterly on the Continent, especially in France, steam-power is being largely developed in agricultural operations, and even as a motive power.

The other day I was invited by a wealthy and enterprising merchant of Philadelphia, Colonel W. C. Patterson, to visit his farm some twenty miles below Camden, in New Jersey, and witness the trial of a steam plow, or, more properly, of an attempt to plow by steam. The farm consists of about 30,000 acres. It is of varying breadth, being from 50 to 100 miles wide, and the soil has great agricultural resources if properly worked. The Colonel imported the tackle from England, which consisted of two 14-horse locomotive steam-engines, a balance plow of two gangs of 6 each, a cultivator, and harrow, all rigged to be worked by the engines. The engines were landed at a little town some six miles from the farm, and propelled themselves out to the field, over uneven and bad roads to move a heavy load upon. This was the first cheering sign of their usefulness, for heretofore I had seen only portable engines employed in the labors of the farm, particularly in threshing. The field selected for the trial was an oblong square, containing one hundred or more acres. It was an old field, and had been long under cultivation, tolerably level, but smooth only in places, as much of it had been in corn the previous year, and the surface was therefore uneven by reason of the old hills where the corn had grown. The soil was a sandy loam resting on a clay loam subsoil. The previous cultivation had been at an average depth of about 5 inches, and formed a hard crust below, which the plow would require additional power to break.

The engines were placed on opposite sides of the field, some 370 yards apart, and opposite to each other. A flexible wire cable sufficiently long to reach across the field was attached to each engine, and run off or was wound on to the large drum on the under side of each. The plows were set to work 7 inches deep by 13 wide, and each gang therefore plowed 6½ feet at each time it crossed the field, or 13 feet in a *bout*, which averaged 7 minutes. The work was well done, and every thing seemed to be as perfectly under control of the operatives as if done by a team. There was evidently plenty of surplus power for all possible contingencies. The engines were moved as easily as locomotive engines on a railroad. The success of the experiment was most marked, leaving no doubt that henceforward steam can be successfully used as a motive power in cultivating the soil, and in nearly every field where the harvester can be used successfully. The question now is simply one of detail and capital. I think there is a better system for stirring the soil than by plows, and that it will be adopted in this country. The rotary Spader or Terricultor must be substituted for the plow, and then the system of steam cultivation will be complete. In the South it must supersede all others; and there the steam farm-engine will take the place of animals in driving the cotton-gin.

Companies are formed in England to furnish engines and tackle for this country.

I have just received a letter from Colonel Patterson, wherein he says: "The best day's work of the plow since you saw it has been 20 acres. I think it will average 15 on old land, and the cultivator 40." The cultivator will do from 7 to 12 acres of stiff clay, 12 inches deep, per day.

I consider the question of steam cultivation, as before remarked, simply one of capital and detail. T. C. P——.

FAIR AND FALSE.

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,"
For her wealth of yellow hair?
She may have been Brown as I!
I will not despair—but dye.
If I am not fair as she;
Very quickly I will be!

She is fair, and I am dark:
She's admired in the Park—
Sought of those who pass me by!
I must live—and I will dye!
I will be more fair than fair:
Pearly skin, and golden hair!
What care I how fair she be,
I will be more fair than she!

THE "CONQUEST OF SOULS."

Not many years ago the Jesuit fathers in South America endeavored to promote Christianity in a way peculiarly their own. They combined the exhilarating pleasures of the hunting-field with the more sober and solemn duty of catching souls. The holy fathers, no doubt animated with religious zeal, used now and again to call together their Indian converts, and, sallying forth into the wild savannas that surrounded their missions, carry off, if not by persuasion then by force, every native family they chanced to meet with. This was called the "conquest of souls."

We will not stop here to dispute the term, but relate an incident that occurred in consequence of one of these raids. On the banks of a small stream, a tributary of the Orinoco, lived an Indian family, a father and mother and four children. Although wild and uncivilized, they were happy and content; happy in their love for each other, and content in having enough to satisfy their wants. Surrounded by the eternal forests, and washed by the ever-flowing river, they lived on the best that nature has to offer. From morning to evening Guatana, with his sons, chased the boar and the bison through the mazy labyrinths of the surrounding jungle, or, leaping from rock to rock, speared the salmon as they sported in the eddying pools of the Orinoco. Guahiba sat tending her little ones at home ever ready in the twilight of evening to welcome with fond embraces the tired hunters. Thus joyfully they passed their time, never thinking of civilization until civilization in an evil hour thought of them. One sultry evening in midsummer Guahiba sat with her two little ones playing on the sloping turf before her, patiently waiting the return of her husband. But her husband she was to see no more. When he returned that evening he found no wife or child to greet him, no bright smile or fond welcome. A tenantless hut and a desolate hearth were all that met his view.

The missionary fathers of San Fernando had been hunting for souls that fine summer day, and, ascending the stream on their homeward voyage, discovered Guahiba outside her solitary hut. Resistance was vain; bound with thongs, and bleeding in every limb, the Indian hunters carried her and her children to the boat. She cried aloud for help, but no help was there. The echo of her voice was lost in the depth of the endless forest. She was borne along up the silent stream, passing ever and again some well-remembered spot, and at every stroke of the muffled oar receding farther and farther from those she held most dear.

They reached at last the mission station of San Fernando. Here, miles away from her forest home, her captors hoped she would be unable to find her way back. But they had yet to learn the difference between the virtue of a savage and the barbarism of civilized men. Despair, indeed, seized upon her brain, but it was the despair that leads to desperate venture, and not to inaction. The remembrance of her desolate home, the children she had left, and the husband of her youth looking vainly day by day for her return, gave wings to her feeble courage.

Time after time with her two little ones she escaped to the wild savanna, and endeavored to penetrate the impassable forests that surrounded the mission. Time after time was she tracked down and brought back to the station. Bound and mercilessly beaten, she still bore up, and still hoped against hope. At length, tired out with her obstinacy, the Jesuit fathers determined by one more act of refined cruelty to subdue her wayward spirit. She was separated from her two remaining children; and the last link that bound her to life was snapped, the last spark of comfort that smouldered in her bosom was extinguished. But she was not yet subdued. Once more bound she was thrown into a boat; once more up the silent waters of the Atabapo she is carried to the far-off missions of the Rio Negro. Ignorant of the fate which awaited her she could only tell by the direction of the sun that she was removing farther and farther from her native country. Strong in her despair, she burst the bonds that bound her, and throwing herself into the water, swam to the shore. She fled to the woods; but the Indians, urged on by the president of the mission, were soon on her traces, and ere the sunset she was once more borne a captive slave, torn, bleeding, faint, up the waters of the Atabapo. They arrived at last at the place of their destination, the mission of Javita.

It was night, and the rain was descending in torrents. Alone in a small hut Guahiba found herself, faint from loss of blood and want of food. Boundless forests separated the mission of Javita from that of San Fernando, twenty-five leagues distant. No Indian had ever yet attempted to penetrate by land from one station to the other; but such difficulties do not stop a mother who is separated from her children. She is at Javita, her children are at San Fernando. She must find them again; she must deliver them from their captors, and bring them back to their father on the banks of the Atabapo. She was carelessly guarded; her arms being wounded, the Indians had loosened her bonds unknown to the missionary fathers. She succeeded by the help of her teeth in breaking them entirely, and unfastening the frail bolts that secured her door, she again eluded the vigilance of her guards, and escaped to the surrounding woods.

The fourth rising sun found her at San Fernando, hovering round the hut where her children were confined. During those four days she had threaded her way through leagues of unknown forests, torn and bleeding she had swum across rivulets, and waded through pathless quagmires, supporting the cravings of nature by eating the great black ants that infest those dismal swamps. Hardly stopping to rest herself at night, she had struggled resolutely on, borne up by that never-dying love that binds a mother to her children.

In this life her virtue was not to be rewarded. Discovered before she could effect her object, she was again borne away from her children, without being allowed to hold them once more to her bosom, without time to heal her wounds or rest her wearied limbs. She was carried to the far-off regions of the Upper Orinoco, and there at length, assured that all was lost, she died, refusing nourishment, as savages will do in great calamities.

THE SEASONS.

Astronomers inform us that the angles of displacement between the planes of the equator and the orbit of our planet are diminishing according to a geometrical ratio, based upon observations and records for the past two thousand years. In other words, the present limit of the tropical zones, defined upon ordinary maps of the world at twenty-three degrees and a half of latitude north and south of the equatorial line, is less than it was formerly, and its annual diminution can be ascertained by the delicately-graduated instruments in our observatories. It is true the diminution within a year is infinitesimal, but in the course of many thousands of years it accumulates to a whole degree, so that in time the torrid zone may contract, and the heat concentrated within its circle become gradually diffused through the temperate zones, which, accordingly, would widen in proportion. On this basis, if we trace back the ratio of diminution into the fossil records of geological time, there is abundant evidence to show that the tropical belt at one period extended far beyond its present limits, even to the latitudes of the British Isles, or at all events to double the extent of the Tropic of Cancer. At this period the four seasons, as they are now calculated upon our almanacs, were not in existence. Europe was subject to climatic influences similar to those prevailing at present in the tropical regions of Africa or America; and it was not until the flora and fauna of that period became extinct, after flourishing through successive dry and rainy seasons, that these were broken up into four divisions, introducing a new order of things into the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Notwithstanding the many evidences in astronomy and geology that the reign of the seasons has been of recent origin in the physical history of the earth, it seems to be a foregone conclusion, almost universally entertained, that they have existed from all time.

A MUSICAL EAR.

A musical education is one of the accomplishments that parents in this country are generally ambitious to bestow upon their children. Patronage is bestowed without stint on great artists, and the public sentiment sustains this liberality. But both labor and money are uselessly expended on those who have not a musical taste. As far as physiology has laid open the laws of sound, it has been ascertained that the musical and non-musical ear, in their organic structure, are precisely alike. The ear is of itself a beautiful instrument, so constructed that sound is actually conducted from one gyrating apartment to another, in which the sonorous rays are strengthened instead of being weakened as they traverse the canals. Being entirely passive, the mind has no control over it as it has of the eye. We can not exclude sound by an act of volition. Whether we wish it or not, the ear takes cognizance of all sounds within the range of its acoustic power. A faculty for acquiring music depends on a peculiar condition of the brain, which enjoys musical harmony through the instrumentality of the ear, and in no other way. If, therefore, no brain faculty exists for music, it is utterly impossible to make any satisfactory progress under the highest class of instructors. It would be good policy, therefore, before attempting to teach a young lady to play the piano-forte, to first ascertain whether she has a brain possessing musical organization.

WORK IN PARIS.

The following curious facts concerning Paris are taken from the *Journal des Connaissances Medicales*: "The total population is, in round numbers, 1,700,000—viz., 750,000 men, 700,000 women, and 250,000 children. Of these 1,700,000 inhabitants, 400,000 live on their private property, or on the produce of their professions, as Government officials, lawyers, physicians, and members of other liberal professions; 100,000 are in schools, hospitals, prisons, or religious fraternities; 200,000 are engaged in trade, wholesale or retail, in shops, markets, or the streets; one million are occupied in manufactures, either as masters or workmen; and 35,000 are military men of all ranks. Coming to more minute particulars, manual labor employed in producing all the various articles great and small, constituting what are called *articles de Paris*, is represented by 416,811 working-people. Of these, 205,861 are men, 105,410 women, and 25,540 children. We now come to the question, how many hands are represented by steam in Paris? There are 1800 engines in the capital, employed in a variety of trades, and forming an aggregate of 10,000 horse-power. Now, as one of the latter is equivalent to the working power of seven hands, it follows that, to the 416,811 working-people above stated we must add 70,000 hands, or 35,000 individuals more. Hence, if all steam-engines were suppressed here to-morrow, it would require an influx of 35,000 workmen to keep the daily production at its present rate."

LARGE BAIT.

Live horses and live donkeys are used by the Sandwich Islanders to bait for sharks. This is a dreadful cruelty practiced by the natives. The plunging animal, whose head is fastened to a buoy, attracts large shoals of the shovel-nosed monsters, which ravenously tear the haunches and flanks of the poor beast, and they are heedless of the Kanakas, in canoes, who spear them.

DRUNKEN FELICITY.

Regarding drunkenness as an evil which has a demoralizing influence on the community, lawmakers have exerted themselves in all civilized countries where the vice prevails to correct, and, if possible, to stop its baneful progress. Every town and city in America has its record of misery based on intemperance. It has been assumed that sixty thousand persons die annually in the United States victims to that dreadful malady. Philanthropists and legislatures have failed, thus far, in all their efforts to put a stop to drunkenness. Possibly the desideratum of keeping all conditions of people in their sober senses through life is to be accomplished at a future age in the world's history. But there are places on the face of this fair globe where the privilege of getting drunk is considered the highest felicity to which humanity can attain. Ibrahimawa, a Bornu voyager on the White Nile, assured Mr. Baker there was a country adjoining Bornu where the king was so fat and heavy that he could not walk till the doctors "opened his belly and cut out the fat," which was repeated annually. He described another country as a perfect Paradise, where no one ever drank any thing so inferior as water. The country was so wealthy that the poorest man could drink *marissa*—beer. At 3 P.M. every body was drunk, so that there was not a sober man in the land. Even the cows, goats, and fowls got drunk also by drinking the marissa left in the jars after the people were all down. In his view it was a happy region, where one could indulge in as much intoxication as he liked without being disturbed by mischief-making moral reformers, whom he probably conceived to be disturbers of the public peace.

THE GREAT DENTAL DISCOVERY

Of the age was made when the bark of the Soap-Tree, of the Chilian mountains, was incorporated with the other vegetable materials of fragrant Sozodont. Its property of arresting decay and obliterating discolorations in silks, muslins, etc., first suggested its use as a purifier and preservative of the dental enamel; and its effect as associated with other antiseptic vegetable substances has proved one of the happiest results of modern experiments.—[*Com.*]

To remove Moth Patches, Freckles, and Tan from the face, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.—[*Com.*]

Dyspepsia Tablets cure Indigestion, Heartburn, and Sour Stomach. Fifty Cents per Box. Mailed for 60c. Sold by druggists. S. G. Welling, 571 Broadway.

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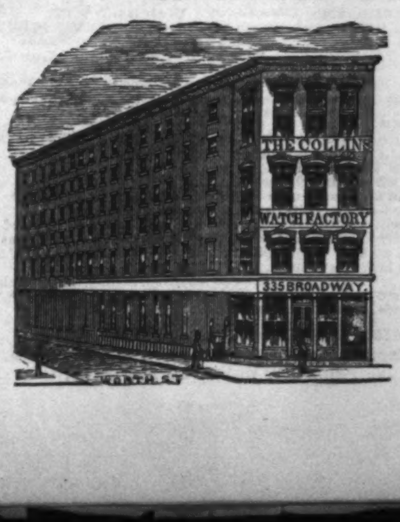

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